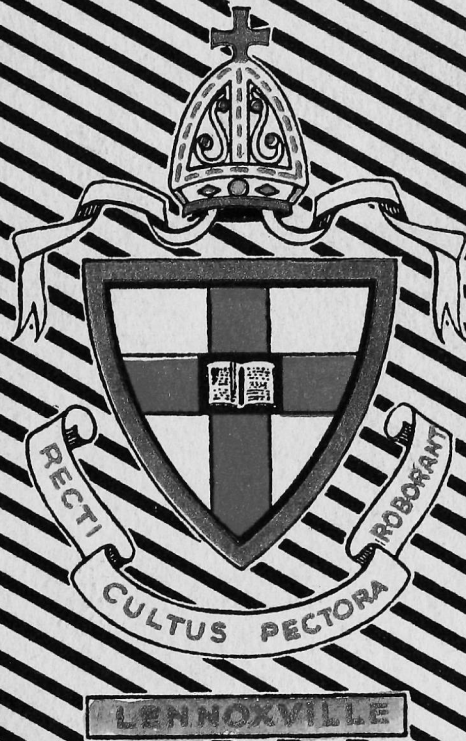


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B.C.S.



Xmas, 1928

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Bishop's College School

Lennoxville, Que.



Headmaster

S. P. SMITH, M.A., Oxon.



Headmaster, Preparatory School

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180 St. James Street, Montreal.

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Foreword

Government House,
Bermuda.

My greetings and best wishes to all Old Bishop's College School boys and to all present boys.

It is a very high honour to be asked to write a Foreword for the best school magazine of the best school.

I left Lennoxville forty-eight years ago so that I fear that there are very few who remember me; during those many years my thoughts have often been with my old school in gratitude for the happy days I spent there with many good friends, and for the principles of common sense and equity that were driven into my unwilling head by good masters.

Of the work that I did, I remember very little; of the play I remember a great deal.

In those good old days we used to build our own log huts, where on half holidays we snared and cooked our own food; we trapped muskrats and sold the skins for sixpence each, and we kept tame flying squirrels in our lockers, I also remember a kind of root which we smoked as a cigar.

On Easter Day we were allowed as many eggs as we could eat at breakfast; I once ate thirteen, but that was not the record.

I expect that not many of these things are done now by the very much better behaved boys of today!

To all who may read this number of the Magazine I wish a very happy Christmastide and a successful New Year.

To the great School I wish every success.

To the present boys, I say, play hard, work hard, hold your heads high and look everyone in the face, do not fear what the future holds, and each day do your very best.

Louis Bols.

Lieut.-General.

Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Bermuda.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR LOUIS JEAN BOLS, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.,
GOVERNOR OF BERMUDA AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"General, didn't I lead them straight?"

An incident in the Soudan

Tel-el-Kebir had fallen; the breeze was rolling away
The clouds of smoke, when the morning broke,
From the blessed face of day.
Tel-el-Kebir had fallen; and many a brave man lay
Bruised and bleeding, the call unheeding,
With scarcely strength to pray.

On the evening before, Lord Wolseley said
To Rawson, the Engineer,
"You will take, my lad, the Highland Brigade,
And lead it round to the rear
Of the sleeping foe, and prepare to go
When the evening stars appear.
You will be at your post when my signal is given,
For out of this strong-hold the foe must be driven."

Out in the unknown darkness, with only the stars to guide,
The brave men strode on their perilous road,
Silently side by side,
Straight to the spot which their leader sought,
The signal flashed,
At the foe they dashed,
And the bullets crashed,
Till the foe was scattered wide.

On the Arab's strong-hold our ensign stands,
Planted with cheer on cheer,
The men are smiling and shaking hands
While Wolseley is issuing quick commands,
When an orderly gallops along the sands,
From his brown cheek rolls a tear,
And sad are his tidings, as hopeless he stands,
Of Rawson, the Engineer.

The General bends o'er the boyish face,
Clasps the fingers so helpless now,
How shapely the form in its youthful grace,
With the dews of death on the whitening brow.
But his eye is bright with a heavenly light,
And his words ring out, as with joy elate,
Unheeding the tide from his wounded side;
"General, didn't I lead them straight?"

There are pitiful tears on his blood-stained cheeks,
Sobs are breaking his words between;
As Wolseley hoarsely answering speaks,
"Better done it could not have been."
Slowly the smile from his proud lip fadeth,
"Well done," 's the welcome he soon shall hear,
God pity the English hearts that waiteth
The coming of Rawson, the Engineer.

Millfield, 1887.

Mrs. George Arkley.

(Kindly lent by Commander Rawson's niece, Mrs. Ward, Lennoxville).
(Continued in Old Boys Notes, page 102)



COMMANDER WYATT RAWSON
Hero of Tel-el-Kebir.

Picture made by the Nation.

(Kindly lent by Wyatt Rawson's niece Mrs. A. Ward, Lennoxville)

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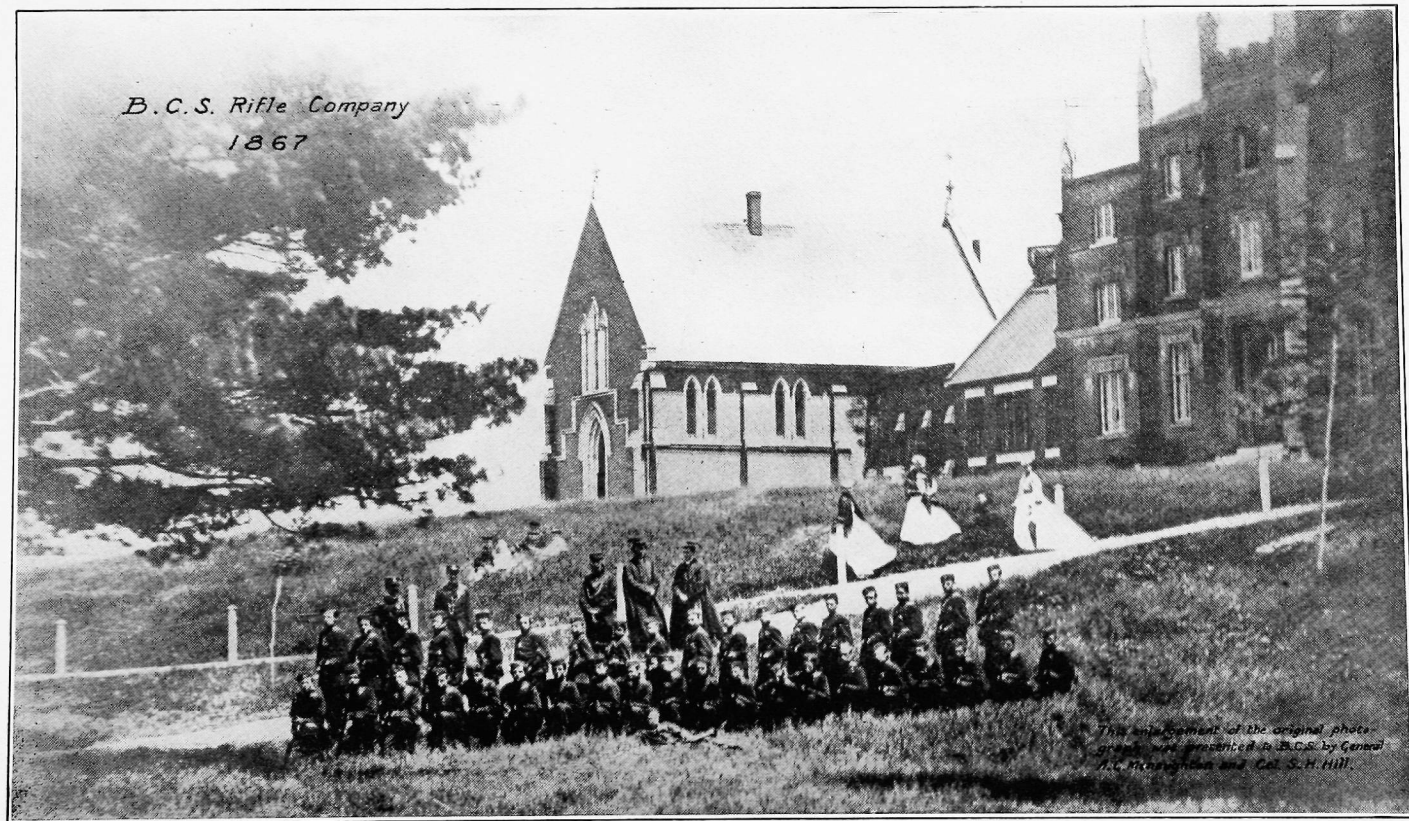
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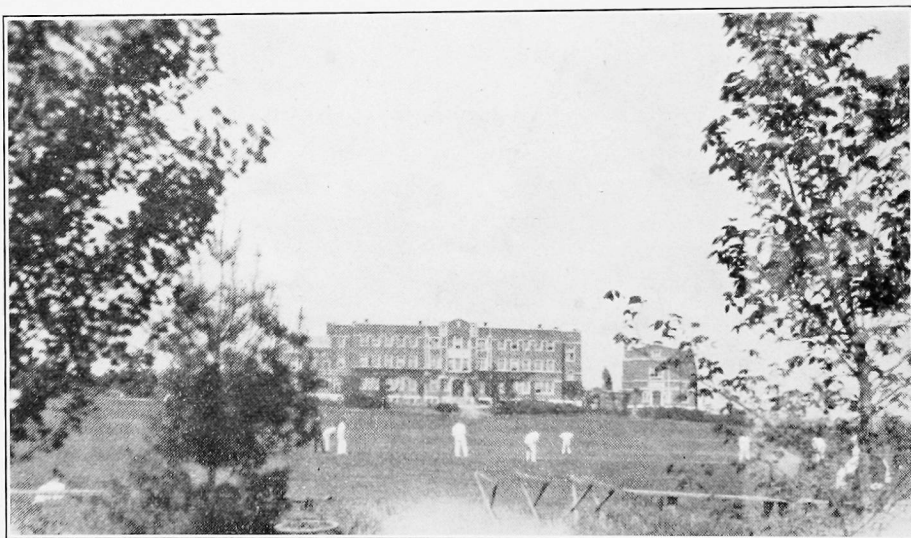
F. G. TAYLOR



B. C. S. RIFLE COMPANY, 1867

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Fortune

The woods are green round Lennoxville
Beneath the blue of day;
Where summer beckons from the Hill,
And fortune points the way.
Young Fortune stands by sunny ways
Delightful, smiling, free;
With summer flowers and golden hours
She waits for me, she waits for me.

Could all my hours be counted,
Would all my dreams be true?
Will all my friends prove faithful
And all be true, true blue?
Young Fortune stands by sunny ways,
Inviting, luring, see!
With lavish showers of morning hours
She beckons me, she beckons me.

With gracious mien she speaks to me
As summer gowned she stands:
You shall be beautiful and strong
In this, or other lands!
As Fortune speaks by sunny ways,
I bend low to the knee,
With wealth of powers and golden hours
—What shall I do?—she beckons me.

Y.

This tablet is placed
here in honour
of the boys of
Bishop's College
Preparatory School
who gave their lives
in the service of their
King and **C**ountry
A.D. 1914-1918

Fuller of faith than of
fears Fuller of
resolution than of
patience Fuller
of honour than of years

Hugh Allan
A Cecil Doucet
Eric Graham
Donald S. Gwyn
Kenneth O. Husband
E. V. Tremonger
Maurice E. Jaques
J. Hewitt Laird
Charles S. Martin
Lennox Robertson
Allan Routledge
Harold A. Scott
Edward A. Whitehead
Gerald E. Wilkinson

Recti. cul-
lus. pectora
roborant



Divus Georgius Christianorum militum puginator

Sons of Great Britain
forget it not there be
things such as Love
and Honour and the Soul
of Man which cannot be
bought with a price and
which do not die with Death

Editorial

*"Give me the man who is
not a sheep and I will
wear him in my own
heart's core, yea in
my heart of hearts, as
I do thee."*

*"From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends."*

Perhaps.

However, this is a beginning-of-vac. feeling, an end-of-term should be more seriously convincing; therefore while hoping for the former, all in good time, let us seriously, from the vantage point of the latter, review the closing term.

On second thoughts we won't; most of the School activities and results are reviewed in the following pages; besides, who ever reads an editorial!

Instead, may we be permitted, for once, to ramble reminiscently over school life in general and *not* B.C.S. in particular. . . . We returned in September to find a 20% increase in the number of boys in the School and a consequent lack of "kicking space." Our expectations that, as not infrequently happens, some babies just out of the nursery would not be able to stand the polishing of a public school, were doomed to disappointment. On the other hand we can congratulate ourselves on having the finest set of "New Kids" that we can remember. . . . This year, therefore, we can discuss openly a question of the utmost importance to every school, without fear of miscomprehension.

However, as we intend to go to the very root of the matter, as we consider it, and since, as we feel strongly on the point we may speak rather hotly; we will air our opinions as personal points of view, and as not necessarily connected with B.C.S.; for what may be true for us may equally be true for any and every other school.

Every school values as its dearest possession its good fame or name; to take away that is to take away what it prizes pre-eminently; to do this is the work of the Specialist, whatever his speciality may be. *It takes all kinds of boys to make a school but only one kind to ruin it*, and the acts of that one kind reflect on every individual member of the School.

We remember seeing a boy from a certain renowned school drinking on a train, away from school rules but wearing his school cap, and hearing a passenger remark: "*They drink at . . .*" However ignorant such a remark may be, such wholesome condemnation is as widespread as indiscriminate praise and both attitudes, without their sponsors realizing it, do an injustice to the every day schoolboy. This incident is a fairly common and genuine example of how the specialist displays his manliness and disgraces his school; and the boy who acts so is not a good sportsman.

Through many lessons we come to the final conclusion that good sportsmanship is the most essential feature of school life. Every school is beginning to realize this fact; for that reason the genus "bully"—generally some strong fellow with a following of timid ones whom he protects—is becoming more and more a *rara avis*, for the simple reason that good school sportsmanship will not tolerate it, and, therefore, in all its species it will be soon extinct (together with its still meaner ally, mob-bullying). Our modern good sense is responsible for this and it is to be greatly applauded, for of all specialists in their own particular line, this type was the meanest and most pernicious and most injured the good name of his school.

Good sportsmanship accounts for that vague and floating entity called "tone" which to a greater or lesser extent pervades all schools and which is extremely difficult to analyse. It is not the school which creates "tone," it is not the masters, it rests altogether with the boys themselves and depends on whether their conception of morals is a high or a low one; whether their conception of manhood is a high or a low one, and over and above all on their conception of God.

Good sportsmanship will, inevitably, one day kill mob law. We do not really admire the mob law which downs some sturdy fellow standing, without a prop, on his own feet, nor the mob law which downs some high principle. We do not really admire the despicable little worm (with most unchristian fervour) who, taking a mean advantage, acts like a monkey in Chapel, although we may pay him the tribute of a smile to let the other fellows see that we are good sports, forsooth! . . . for to most of us some things are still holy, and reverence is a beautiful thing.

It takes a long time to build up some school activity. One prejudiced boy for vindictive revenge, taking advantage of his popularity or "force", may ruin it in a minute.

Nothing, perhaps, is more insidious nor more effectually destroys the "tone" of a school than a foul-mouthed boy. It is, of course, an index to his mind and he acts as a vampire on other boys' minds. The disease spreads and is more infectious than the deadliest of material diseases. This does not mean that one expects boys to be saints, but it does mean that one expects them to be sound and wholesome, and, if they do not object to the word, gentlemen.

If there is anything more insidious it would probably be the poisonous garbage found in so many books today, whose victims find good wholesome literature "dry." Nobody asks boys to pick up the stale crumbs fallen from centuries that have finished their banquet and passed on, but their wellwishers like to see them avoid decadent books in which something deadlier than poison is laid insinuatingly for their consumption. There *is* decay and there *is* progress; there is a life that goes forward and a life that goes backward. Mosses and lichens grow on stunted trees not on thriving ones, and so with a boy's mind; it may thrive in the sunlight or decay in the shadows. We like the fresh, adventurous, wholesome lad who loves his adventure story. We do not care for the other type. He, also, is a specialist in his own particular line, and often has quite a following to whom he lends his mind-degrading modern novel.

These are some of the Specialists, the pests that boys and masters have to contend with in every school, everywhere.

It takes all kinds of boys to make a school but only one kind to ruin it.

Unflinching loyalty to the school—and it is up to each boy to *keep* the school worthy of that loyalty—a high ideal in morals, fair play and good sportsmanship; strenuousness in games and earnestness in work produce a good “tone” which, like the fragrance of the musk in the plaster of the Church of Saint Sophia in Constantinople, will last as long as the fabric itself.



BROTHER

*We met in the Morning meadows
Long ago, and you looked in my soul.
I shall know that look while the stars above
On their wings of diamond roll.*

*Some secret things you whispered
As light-leaved Spring came on;
I recall that look in your laughing eyes,
While the sunlight in them shone.*

*And now we meet at Noonday
In the sun's red burning rays,
And I fight for my life and that look you gave
With a sword in my hand, by the Ways.*

*We shall meet again at Evening
For we have a rendez-vous,
And fame I can scorn and death if then
I can look again at You.*

R. L.

School Notes

We welcome, most heartily, to the school W. Gordon Dustan, Esq., M.A.

The Headmaster and Board,
Bishop's College Grammar School,
Lennoxville, Que.

Dear Sirs:—

According to the terms of the Will of the late Walter Alexander Stuart, of Napierville, Que., which Will was duly probated on August the eleventh 1927 at St. Johns, Que., the testator bequeathed one thousand dollars to "Bishop's College Grammar School." We are enclosing a cheque for the said sum of one thousand dollars receipt of which kindly acknowledge.

The late Mr. Walter Alexander Stuart attended Bishop's College Grammar School in '66-'67, '67-'68, and '68-'69, and this bequest is, no doubt, a token of remembrance of the pleasant and instructive years spent there, to which he often referred.

We should be pleased to learn the object to which the bequest is devoted.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) M. ELEANOR STUART MARCEAU, Ex.
ALBERT W. STUART, Ex.

Executors Estate Walter A. Stuart.

Again the B.C.S. Magazine Staff wishes to thank Mrs. A. E. Olgivie and Mrs. H. B. MacDougall for their constant and practical interest in the Magazine.



THE WATER TOWER WHICH HAS BEEN DISMANTLED.
A STEEL TANK IS BEING ERECTED IN EACH OF THESE TOWERS.

MAGAZINE FINANCES.—

Last year we had a surplus of about thirty dollars. This year we expect to have a deficit, due to the small number of ads. We therefore appeal to all Old Boys to send in their subs.

Major H. S. McGreevy is leaving immediately after Christmas for Lethbridge. He intends to go on to Vancouver and Victoria with George (1919-1924) who is in the Canadian Mounted police. George has not been East for two years.



ONE OF THE HUTS.

Dot Pourri

Dress.

Parents are requested not to send too large a quantity of clothing with their boys. It is expected that all boys in the Sixth, Fifth and Fourth Forms, will wear on Sunday a black morning coat, and boys in the Third, Second, First and Preparatory Forms, an Eton jacket and waist-coat of black cloth, with Eton turn-down collar.

—B.C.S. Magazine 1895.

All the boys attend services in the College Chapel every week day at 8.40 a.m. and on Sunday the morning and Evening services. Sunday School is held by the Chaplain.

Ibid.

The School is affiliated to the College and under certain circumstances the Diploma of the Sixth Form will admit to the second year in the College, while the subjects of the Fifth Form are the equivalent of matriculation into the First Year.

Ibid.

Boys are not allowed to use a boat or canoe without the permission of their parents. They must also be able to swim across the Massawippi River.

Ibid.

Some day I'll come to see you and we'll close the door of your room and talk for hours of Big Things and Little Things. *And then I'll go away again.*

THANKSGIVING

(At the Drama)

It is the most thrilling moment of "Macbeth", the Orchestra is softly playing Gounod's "Quando A Te Lieta" and the voluptuous music trembles on the ear. The moment is an exquisite one—a precious jewel in a perfect setting. Every seat in the house is filled, from the front row of the orchestra to the central exit. It is a dazzling scene of graceful splendour and magic, and the "diamond tiara" sparkles with elegance. In the very front of the proscenium, in the centre of fashion, sit two Old Boys.

They are both fast asleep.

"B.C.S." Easter 1924.

Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.:—

Without doubt, our best exchange. You certainly surpassed yourselves in your Christmas edition.

"The Branksome Slogan,"
Branksome Hall, Ont.

Original Mary of Little Lamb

London:—Mrs. Mary Hughes, who was born on May 18, 1840, at Tylisa Farm, Llangollen, and who was the original Mary of the rhyme, "Mary had a little lamb," celebrated her 88th birthday among her children yesterday.

She received congratulations from near and far.

1928

**"She lobes me==
She lobes me not."**

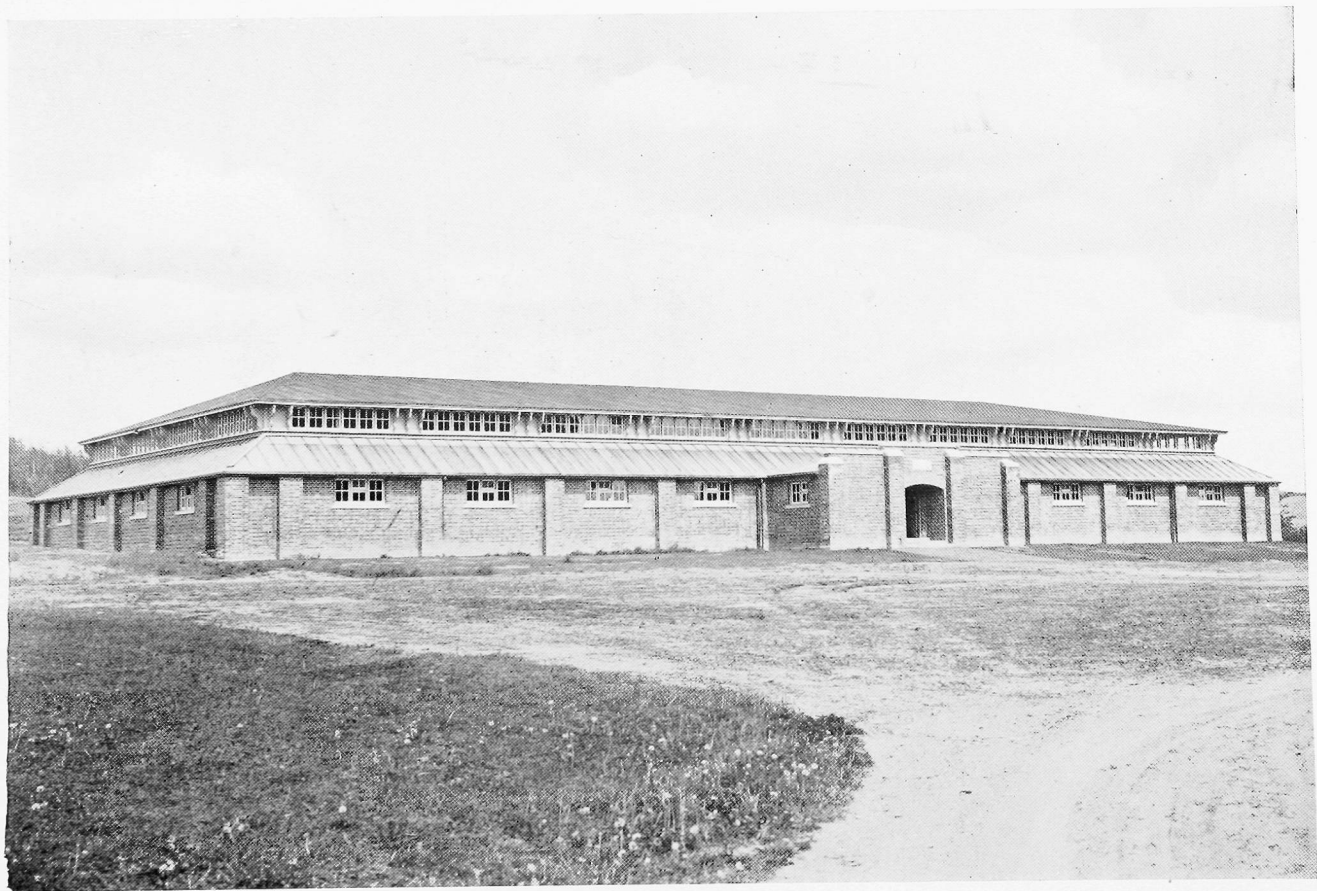
Mary said she didn't lobe me,
Looking somewhat queer,
But her trembling lips were gentle;
Mary is a dear !

There's a crystal tear-drop quib'ring
In that lovely eye,
As half-turning Mary's leaving
With a little sigh.

* * * * *

Winter snows won't last for ever;
Summer's coming soon.
Mary is eleven—nearly,
I'll be twelve in June.

Q.U.E.R.Y.



THE MEMORIAL RINK.

Bubbles

"We have heard the Chimes by Midnight!"

HENRY IV

Magazine Staff.

The World's a bubble.

Lord Bacon.

FRIDAY—

Aitchison:—"Why is there no fish today?"

Waiter:—"We couldn't get any."

Aitchison:—"What bait did you use!"

We get it in the neck on Sunday. _____

Boy (in French Class): What's a sheep?

Master (distract, reminiscently): A sheep's a man that will follow anything that
any other man begins. _____

THE ROOTERS—

Here's to them! I do not like their . . . well!

Still, they also serve who only stand and yell.



DO YOU KNOW ANY OF THESE?

THE FIRST DAY OF WINTER

The sun is slowly setting, tinging the clouds pale gold;
And from the dull white sky above falls snow
in scattered flakes.
Across the mottled countryside the arctic wind blows cold,
The trees seem frozen solid, nor branch nor frail
twig shakes.

The woods, now stripped of all their leaves, stand black
against the sky;
And underneath in patches lies the powd'ry driven
snow.
The dried and withered brownish grass has lost its
verdant dye;
And the whole world seems grieving that summer
has to go.

G. MONTGOMERY.



VALETE

L. S. BLINCO	T. M. GILLESPIE
J. P. FULLER	G. D. ROBERTS
G. A. SHARP	P. B. CORISTINE
D. K. DRURY	L. B. DOUCET
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G. G. BLACK	W. CLARKE
L. Y. READ	W. T. LYNCH
L. P. PAYAN	

SALVETE**Fifth Form**

J. H. BISHOP	L. TURCOTTE
--------------	-------------

Fourth Form

L. CLARKE	C. LABRANCHE
O. GLASS	W. ROBB
H. WOOD	

Third Form A

H. BOSWELL	M. GRANT
J. BUCHANAN	F. McCAFFREY
R. DEVLIN	S. McCALLUM
G. DRUMMOND	C. PAYAN
B. DRURY	H. WALLIS

Third Form B

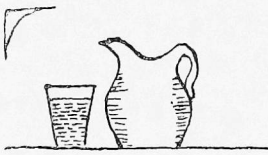
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J. DIXON	J. LAING
J. HOWARD	M. NEILL
G. RANKIN	

Preparatory

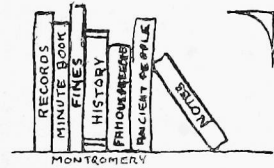
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J. A. L'Abbé	G. E. Cross
N. H. L'Abbé	W. G. Hume
N. E. Buch	O. D. Lewis
J. P. Buckley	D. B. Neale
W. L. Carter	R. H. Porteous
J. M. Clarke	K. T. Paton
M. J. Cochrane	A. R. Robinson
H. von Colditz	H. F. Ross
P. von Colditz	T. J. White



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
AT THE TIME OF HIS VISIT TO LENNOXVILLE.



DEBATING SOCIETY



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Hooper Library on October 20th. The subject for debate was "*That this Society is of the opinion that Hoover is a better man than Smith for the presidency of the United States.*"

Pierce opened for the affirmative. He pointed out that Hoover had helped the starving Belgians in 1917. Then he turned to the question of liquor control, which he said could not be changed unless by the three-quarter State vote. "Hoover has travelled over practically every country in Europe and knows more about foreign politics, and he is the man to settle international questions," he asserted.

Millar, opening for the negative, said that Smith would try to enforce low tariff rates, while Hoover wishes to raise these rates. He stated that the election of Smith or Hoover would make no difference to the liquor situation. He also pointed out that Smith is a self-made man, and, in his opinion, it is best to have a man who has started from the bottom of the ladder.

Rankin II, speaking for the affirmative side of the question, stated that Hoover has much more experience in foreign affairs than Smith. "Before he went into politics, Hoover was one of the cleverest civil engineers in the States." He claimed that Hoover was a much better man for President as he has had a much better education than Smith. He also mentioned the fact that Hoover did all in his power to help those people who suffered in the Mississippi floods.

Hess, negative, brought up many good points. He argued that Smith would do all in his power to do away with prohibition, but on the other hand, if he were unable to do that he would do his best to see that the Eighteenth Amendment was enforced. He also pointed out that if the United States did not have prohibition, Canada would certainly get a better class of tourists if they came up for the scenic beauty and not for the liquor. He concluded by saying that Smith does not want Canada's waterways.

Howell, in upholding the affirmative side of the debate, pointed out that although he had been in the States most of his life, Hoover had done a great deal of travelling all over the world and had learned many things about Europe and Asia. He said that, since Hoover was so well known he would doubtless be able to do away with the hard feeling that is held against the United States on account of their late entry into the War.

Sise, speaking for Smith, said he thought that Smith was a better man, because he had risen from newsboy to Governor of New York State. "Smith will certainly be a better man for the working class, as he was one of them and understands them much better than Hoover could possibly do," he argued.

Davis II, in a maiden speech, stated that if Hoover were elected high tariffs would be abolished. He emphasized the fact that Hoover had done great work during the Great War and also during the floods in the Southern States. "Hoover's education, standards and characteristics are higher than Smith's in every possible way," he claimed.

Kennedy, in a well thought out speech, said that Smith was taking as his platform the Eighteenth Amendment. "Smith," he stated, "wants this law to stand as long as it can be enforced; but if that is not possible he will do his utmost to see that prohibition is done away with." He also said that he thought Smith was a better man because he had risen from practically nothing to be Governor of a State, and that the most important State in the Union.

Ogilvie, continuing for Hoover, brought up old facts with new force. He said that Hoover was a typical politician, while Smith was just a common labourer and a professional politician. "Hoover did wonderful work in South Africa as a Civil Engineer. He founded the largest vacuum cleaner company on this continent. It is not a very great thing for a man to be Governor of a State; Hoover had a more responsible position," he maintained.

Langston, negative, said that Smith was against prohibition and prohibition does not do the States any good, as they drink just as much anyway. "Canada will profit more by a better class of tourists. Also Smith wants to lower the tariff, which will be good for Canada," he thought.

Kenny spoke about Hoover's ancestry and said that he was better educated and held better traditions than Smith. "Smith," he said, "is not the kind of man that the people of the United States could look up to, and he has made a great many promises that he can give no proof of keeping, whereas Hoover, who has only made a few, is more likely to keep them," he asserted. "Hoover is supported by the better class, while Smith is popular with the people of the slums," he concluded.

Markey, closing for the negative, stated that he thought Smith was a better man than Hoover for President. He said that Smith had taken the liquor problem for his platform, but that he would not even try to abolish the Volstead Act, but would attempt to introduce beer and light wines. He refuted the statement of the opener for the affirmative, that Smith alone could not change prohibition, by saying that if Smith were elected it would show that the people were against prohibition.

The motion was put to the House and carried by a large majority, 10-2.



A meeting of the B.C.S. Debating Society was held in the Hooper Library on Saturday, November 19th. The subject for debate was:—"That this Society is of the opinion that the U.S.A. exerts a greater influence over Canada than Great Britain."

Pierce, speaking for the affirmative, stated that nearly all influence has come from the United States as far as the literary and journalistic influence is concerned, and that most of Canada's trade is with the United States; that people are leaving Canada constantly to work in the States on account of the high wages prevailing there. He also said that America is developing this country and American influence in sports is very pronounced. "American humour is understood in Canada and British humour is not considered at all humorous here," he said.

Kenny nobly performed his duties as opener in a stirring speech for the negative. He first pointed out how proud Canada is of the old traditions of England, and that here the government is a copy of English rule. He next took as an example our boarding schools, citing B.C.S. as an example of the English system. "The sensible people of Canada," he said, "read decent English publications, whereas much objectionable American literature is read by the others." He pointed out that the reason why most cars in Canada are from the U.S.A. is because they cost too much to import from the other side of the Atlantic.

Drury I, affirmative, stressed the fact that climate has a great effect on Canada and that much the same weather conditions prevail in the States. The coinage of Canada has been copied from the States, and even the slang expressions for these coins are in common use in Canada. In reply to a point in Mr. Kenny's speech he argued that all schools in Canada are becoming more American all the time. "The same system of controlling traffic by means of lights is used in Canada," he concluded.

Ogilvie continued for the negative, pointing out two main influences which Britain has over Canada; namely the political and commercial. "First," he said, "Britain has a preferential tariff, while the States exact higher duty." Then he maintained that Canadians are brought up on English ideals, taking as an instance their school books. "All steamships in Canada," he said, "are built in England, and the reason why so few English publications are seen here is because the news is too old by the time it arrives."

Hess, affirmative, said that as the duty on things coming into Canada is great the U.S. holds Canadian trade, that far more American tourists than British come into Canada, which means that the Americans have a greater chance to influence Canada. "Nearly all the modern music played in Canada is from the States," he asserted.

Millar, taking the negative side of the question, said that Canadians "*have old British stock in them.*" "The suits we wear," he said, "are mostly of English and Scotch tweed." In his opinion, English cigarettes are superior to those from the United States. English cars are not used here on account of the right-hand driving.

Carter, in an excellent maiden for the affirmative, stated that it is American capital which is developing the lumber industry in this country; that Canada supplies nearly all the paper required for the large American papers, and that American influence is especially noticeable in the Stock Market. He also said that the American system of advertising is extensively used in this country.

Langston, for the negative, said that Great Britain got its paper from Norway rather than from Canada owing to the great distance of the latter from England. "Our hockey," he said, "is a close copy of English field hockey."

Doheny, in a maiden speech, said that the Arvida Company, the biggest aluminium company in Canada, is backed by American capital, that most of the clothing worn in Canada is made in the U.S.A., and that American comic papers are widely read in this country.

Rankin II continued for the negative and pointed out that all our best racing cars came from England. In his opinion, English publications were far superior to those from the States. "Canada allied with Great Britain in 1914 and paid no heed to the U.S.A." he concluded.

Davis II, in a good speech for the affirmative, mentioned the fact that far more American magazines than English ones are read in Canada, and that nearly all Canada's natural resources are being developed by American money. He further maintained that far more interest is taken in American than in English sports, and that there are far more American than English movies seen in this country, and that not nearly as much is heard about the British as about American actors and actresses.

Howell, affirmative, said that Americans take a great interest in Canadian sports. He said that Great Britain does not seem as fond of sport as America. American architecture, in his opinion, had a great influence over Canada, and all American inventions are used in Canada before they come into general use in England. The English, he said, seem to be old-fashioned and stick to their old customs and traditions.

Sise, for the affirmative, said that he considered that American movies had a great influence in Canada. He also maintained that there were not nearly enough British films produced to compete with the American ones. "American radio has spread throughout Canada, and there are many baseball fans here, but very few cricket fans. Meals are different in Great Britain and Canada has adopted the American methods of preparing food," he asserted.

The motion was put to the House and carried by a vote of 9-5.



A meeting of the B.C.S.D.S. was held in the Hooper Library on November 24th, The subject for debate was "*That this Society is of the opinion that the Doer is superior to the Dreamer.*"

Pierce, opening for the affirmative, said that the outstanding difference between the Doer and the Dreamer is that one is the servant of the world while the other is an individual and lives within himself. The dreamer, he stated, may have most exultant thoughts but if he does not find some way of expressing them they merely add to his personal experience.

Howell, opening for the negative, stated that the dreamer plans everything and points the way for the doer. For instance, it is the dreamer that plans the building, and the doer, in this case, is merely a bricklayer or a riveter. He pointed out that the great generals in the late war were dreamers, so are all great poets, and inventors such as Ford and Edison, Keats and Shelley. "The pen is mightier than the sword" is a well-known fact and clearly demonstrates that the dreamer is superior to the doer.

Hess, in a speech for the affirmative, stated that it was impossible for the dreamer to live on his thoughts; he must be like the doer and earn a living. "A dreamer may invent something, but it takes a doer to put it into practice. Also a dreamer may have fine ideals but it takes a doer to express these," he maintained.

Kenny, in a well-delivered speech, said that in the stone age the doer was the only man that survived, but that nowadays the dreamer is shutting out the doer. He likened the man of action to a cog in a great factory, and the dreamer to the dynamo. He pointed out that the dreamer deserves as much credit for the winning of the war as the doer. "Napoleon was a great dreamer, as were Julius Caesar and Hannibal, but these men were not idle dreamers, they carried out their dreams of conquest."

Doheny, continuing for the affirmative, said that the dreamer could not live without the doer, and vice-versa. In refuting Howell's statement regarding Alexander Bell—that he was a dreamer—he stated that he must also have been a doer to carry his thoughts into execution.

Millar, upholding the negative, said that many years ago a man dreamed of reclaiming from the sea the lost lands of the Zuyder Zee. Today this dream is being carried out and a dam is being built across this great expanse of water. Had it not been for such dreamers as these this would never have been possible. He concluded by saying that in the building of a railway any man can lay rails but it is the dreamer who plans their course.

Carler, for the affirmative, said that the world's progress was due to men of action such as Loyola, Pasteur and Charlemagne. "A man of action may not do much, but he does a little better than the man who thinks all day entirely about things that benefit nobody," he claimed.

Drury I, pointed out that the dreamer is the guiding factor in the world today. "In the olden days when the world was ruled by the sword and the warrior, the dreamer did not stand much chance. Today, the man of action is merely a tool and the dreamer holds sway. Nowadays the dreamer does not need much initiative to get his dream brought before the world. Columbus was a dreamer, and on his voyage to America he dreamt so much about the land he was to discover that he entirely forgot his men, and consequently they nearly mutinied.

"Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore,
At the rim of the far flung sky."

Ogilvie, in a short speech for the affirmative, stated that if it was not for the man of action nothing would be accomplished and that the world would come to a standstill. He also said that the man of action could exist in perfect happiness without the dreamer.

Langston stated that long ago men must have dreamed that in the distant future people would be able to fly through the air like a bird, and the aeroplane has been invented to justify their dreams.

Rankin II told us that people said it was the men behind the lines in the late war that did all the work: "What good would they have been if it had not been for the men up in front who kept them supplied with information," he asked. "In games also, what good are brains if one has not the necessary energy to make use of them?" he queried.

Davis II said that there was not much difference between the two, but that the ideal man was a combination of them both. "In school dreaming about the exams will not get you anywhere; you must be a man of action."

Sise, in refuting one of his opponent's statements with regard to Henry Ford as a dreamer, stated that he thought that a man like him with his organizing ability and financial genius could not possibly have been a dreamer.

Rankin I said that the dreamer is less selfish than the doer, and that while the doer makes money the dreamer remains poor. "Money is one of the worst of vices," he said. He concluded by saying that the great war turned everyone into a dreamer.

The motion was put to the House and lost by 12 votes to 3.



THE DEBATE

We claim our seats, we shriek, we yell,
We scramble till the Chairman's bell
Summons us to keep still.

Then up arises from the Chair,
Our worthy Chairman, and we hear
The subject for debate.

He calls the Opener to begin,
Perhaps 'tis Howell with his grin,
And the debate's begun.

Then follow maidens, five or six,
And Ian tries one of his tricks
And reads a magazine.

"Fine him! Fine him! Order! The Chair
Shrilly cries:—"Speak if you dare!"
Silence—the noise has died.

Now hear that speech, the finest yet,
He'll get full marks from all, you bet;
He is the best by far.

The fight is over, which side will win?
The Chair cries out above the din,
"The Motion has been downed."

H. I. K. (Debating Poet Laureate).

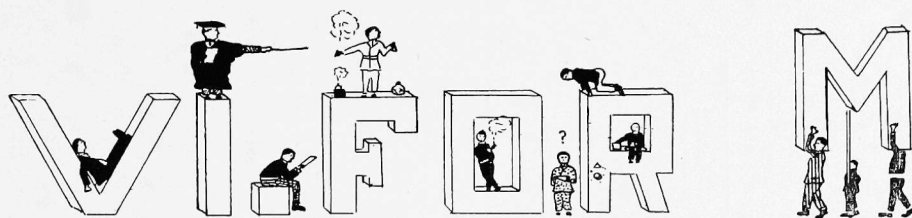
From the Gazette, November 14th, 1928.

A COMMON-SENSE SPEECH

The Hon. James A. Robb, Federal Minister of Finance, delivered a noteworthy speech to the students at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes awarded for the year 1927-28. Common sense is hardly as common as its name implies, but common sense and fine sense were alike manifest in the Minister's address. He paid a just tribute of warm eulogy to the worth of the school and the work that it is doing, and quite pertinently reminded the boys that the privileges of attendance carry the proud duty and responsibility of maintaining the school's high traditions. What may be regarded as of special relevancy was Mr. Robb's observation to the effect that, whilst it is a human inclination to "build castles in the air and make oneself the centre of the castle life"—and he might very well have added the heroic centre—"after all, the commonplace is the lot of most of us; and commonplace achievement makes up the sum total of the work of the nation." In other words, average men and women constitute the mass of the community, and it is the average men and women who actually run the country and determine our civilization.

The obvious point that Mr. Robb made for the students' consideration, therefore, was that if they cannot always perform the heroic acts of their dreams, as, in fact, nobody can, they can surely and effectively attend to the duties, great and small, which make up the total of life, even parliamentary life, for the Minister of Finance assured his audience that it is not only the youth who dreams heroic dreams of "what we shall do some fine day in the future!" Members of Parliament, human like the rest of us, go to the House of Commons filled with all the importance that Mr. Robb says they had assumed in their own constituencies, and inspired with a self-confidence of what they can accomplish, only to find that, "among men of broader vision, they counted for little!" Realizing this, they cease to dream, and busy themselves with the practical tasks that lie to their hand. At least, that is the inference that may be drawn from Mr. Robb's observations. And therein lies the lesson of his address.

Though the lesson may be "old and oft expressed," it has remained to the Hon. Mr. Robb to "say it best." More than students may obtain from it something of the true significance of life; but the students of Bishop's College School, because they heard it direct, should find in the earnestness and sincerity of the ideas expressed a degree of encouragement to apply themselves to the "practical tasks" that lie to their hand. In the very doing of them they will be fitting themselves for bigger things in days to come, qualifying themselves, as Mr. Robb said, "for places as they are vacated by men doing the work of the nation," though their names may "never reach the headlines of the newspapers." "Keep in mind," said the Minister in final exhortation, "that when you go out of college you go out to maintain our British ideals, ideals not best illustrated by "the singing of patriotic songs and the waving of flags, but by breadth of vision and consideration for others." It directs the boys into the way to become good men.



THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH FOR US

Drill is too much with us: night and noon,
 Fooling and loafing, we lay waste our hours:
 Little we see in lockers that is ours;
 We have wasted our time away, a failure soon!
 This school that's ever restless now till June;
 The masters that will be soaking at all hours,
 And are in feasting now like kingly powers;
 For this, for everything, now hear our tune;
 It helps us not—Great Si! I'd rather see
 A master bound and shot in a dell—Ding Dong,
 So might I, musing on this wretched peom;
 Have wishes that I shall never, never tell;
 Have sight of Hooley and his greying dome;
 Or hear old Chesty ring his worthless bell.

H. M. H.

Pippa Passes.

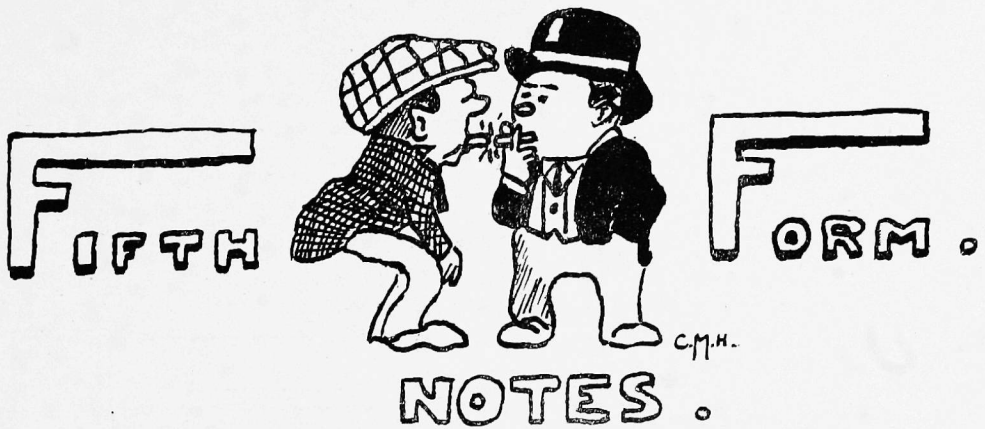
Lads and lasses
 Raise your glasses
 Drink to Pippa—
 Pippa Passes.

She's quite stupid
 In her classes;
 She's no worker
 Still she passes!

How's she do it?
 Query—asses!
 Takes her notes in —
 Pippa Passes.

Fifth Form line up

Name	Nick-Name	Ambition	Probable Future Occupation	Weakness	Pastime	Favourite Expression
Aird	Stooley Boy	To be Mayor of Trois Rivières	Minister	The Village Pump	Going to Sherbrooke	"Get out".
Baldwin	Fred	To be a butter and egg man	Basket-ball Coach	Tuck Shop	Going for a walk	"Swot!"
Barry	Art	To build a television set	Farming	Payan I	Reading	"What's new?"
Bishop	Bish	To skate	High Commissioner	Writing	Eating	"Right-ho!"
Davis I	Bob	To rival Paavo Nurmi	Football Coach	Mr. P.	Writing lines for Mr. P.	"Woopee!"
Hadfield	Had	To join the R.C.M.P.	Horse Dealer	The pigskin	Writing letters	"Why don't you turn out on time?"
Johnston	Junsh	To win the Star's \$500 Contest	Banjo Player	Star Puzzles	Making wise cracks	"How d'ye do it?"
MacDougall I	Gordie	Manager of the Maroons	Taylor's Secretary	Prefect's room	Reading the Gazette	"How d'ye guess?"
McEntyre	Mac	To be a real Scot	Shoemaker	McLernon	Eating lollipops	"Shut up! I'm thinking".
McLernon	Bob	To get bigger and better tuck boxes	Backwoodsman	Star puzzles	Sucking suckers	"I haven't got one to spare."
Millar	Mill	To go to Europe on a cattle boat	Fixing electric trains	Windsor Mills	Reporting every hour	"Who's got a stamp?"
Patton I	Mitt	To go to R.M.C.	Travelling salesman	Writing letters	Trying to invent perpetual motion	"You big bum!"
Payan I	Pip	To grow a moustache	Army Officer	Barry	Chasing someone	"Go sit on a tack."
Rankin I	Al	Organist	Training snails	German	Sleeping	"If you were as good a man as I am."
Turcotte	Turkey	To be Head Prefect	Ski pro.	Skiing	Doing Latin after supper	"Parlez-vous?"
Weaver	Laz	To be quarter-back for Yale	Chinese laundry	Bank-roll	Drawing	"Bull!"



"CHEERIO"

Here's to the courtly Fifth!
 A form of revels gay,
 Where every night's a glee night
 To end our happy day.

Here's to the gourmand Fifth!
 Whenever we're in luck,
 To supplement our glee nights
 We have some gorgeous tuck!

Long live the gallant Fifth!
 With all their revels gay;
 But may the time go quickly by
 Until a month past May.

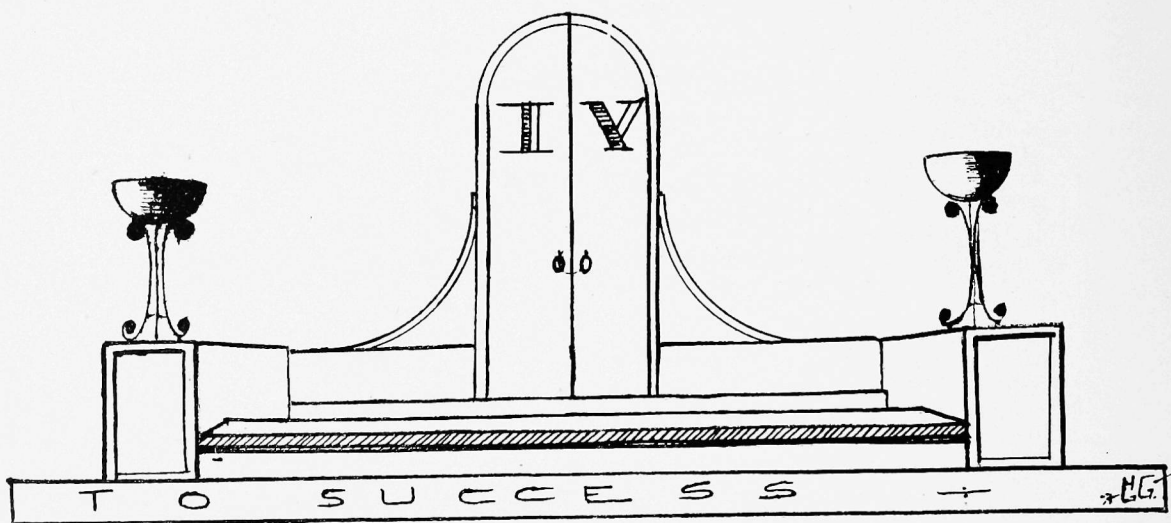
A. B.

THE BOYS OF THE FIFTH

The Fifth's the form where good fellows meet in
 It's the form that cannot be beaten,
 The other forms stand in fear and awe,
 For the Fifth's the class that gives out the law.

The Fifth's the form that tries every game,
 And that's how they won all their honours and fame,
 The Fifth's the form that the masters admire
 For the Fifth's full of boldness and chuck full of fire.

The Fifth's the form the boys all respect.
 It is looked upon as a separate sect,
 The Fifth's the form that ever will tend
 To come out in the finals and win in the end.



The Mystery Ship

There is upon the sea a ship,
It braves the mighty storm,
Never balks or makes a slip,
It is the old Fourth Form.

Twenty boys its cargo bold;
Wherever that ship goes
And any one of you will hold
It never wails its woes.

Its port the month of June
When all are tired and worn,
Up looms its cargo opportune,—
The Fourth with sails untorn.

J. N. PIERCE.

Our Work

We are the boys of the good Fourth Form,
Arithmetic we never scorn;
The French hour is the best of all,
But we would rather play basket-ball.
Geometry, Physics we sure adore
But the gay Gym. hour we prize much more.
And last but not least, our Latin lesson,
We have a most delightful session.
Thus you can see we are all most eager
To fill our brains with Knowledge meagre.

C. LABRANCHE.

Hess:—"Can a boy live without brains?"

Mr. P.:—"Yes, you do."

Today's Physics Question:

If peanuts sell for ten cents a pound and trains go 60 miles an hour, how many red lollipops would it take to paint the dome of St. Paul's?

Mr. M.:—"When did you write this letter, Clark?"

Clark:—"In Mr. Shupe's period, sir."

The Annual Street Cleaners' Dance

The annual Street Cleaners' Dance this year was a great event. It was held in Lennoxville Town Hall, October 38th, 1940½. The refreshments were delicious, consisting of pickled pigs' feet, calves' ears and what not.

The first couple to arrive was Miss Joe O'Carter and Mr. Don Mackinnon. A few words about this couple will not be out of place. Miss Joe O'Carter was a dishwasher, at B.C.S. and Mr. Don Mackinnon was the helper of Bill 'Iggins up the line.

The next couples came in right after one another. They were Mr. Douglas Luther with Miss LaBranche, Mr. N. Pierce with Mr. B. Patton, Mr. Bill Robb with Miss Clark, Mr. S. Gurd with Miss G. Hess. But the big thing of the evening was when Mr. D. Ross and Miss Boothroyd arrived in a Ford car.

At the last part of the dance who should arrive but Mr. J. McGreevy, well known all over the country-side, for he slept in all the barns from here to Montreal. He came with Miss Hubbard. The dance was closed by a witty speech from Mr. P. Aitchison, the retired garbage man. The next morning a telegram was received from Mr. A. Starke saying that he was very sorry not to have come, but that he and Miss Sare had fallen off a freight half way.

Masters' Favourite Expressions:—

"Putchya handown."

"I'm just a little bit tired of all this talking."

"Where's your dry nurse?"

"Oh you duffer!"

"We must get down to work."

"M-m-m—that's not good enough."

"By Heavens!"

The Book Review

Pleasant novels and authors:—

The Flaming Youth.....	S. Gurd
The Missing Link.....	E. Boothroyd
The Missing Tooth.....	B. LaBranche
The Goofy Birds.....	N. Pierce
The Walkout King.....	Geof. Hess
Grandma's Boy.....	Donald Ross
Broken Memories—a smashing tale of adventure.....	Eva Stone
The Greater Price—a tale of warm passions.....	A. Coalman
Painful Memories.....	Ida Bunion
Damaged Dials.....	Bashem Goodenard

Angelio Mio and I were walking down **Honeymoon Lane** somewhere on the **Sidewalks of New York**. We were heading for a **Little White House** where we expected to find **Moonlight and Roses Among My Souvenirs**. **Crazy Rythm** was doing the **Varsity Drag** on the banks of **Ole Man River**.

We discovered that **Constantinople** was the home of **Magnolia**. The janitor told us to **Get Out and Get Under the Moon** unless we could pay our bills. A man came to the door crying **Hallelujah I'm a Bum**. On the way home we met **The Girl Friend** and ended by a sail in the **Show Boat**.

Mr. Young:—"LaBranche, you might write an essay on George Young's great feat."

LaBranche:—"Yes, sir, what size were they?"

Aitchison:—"Can a person be punished for something he doesn't do?"

Mr. Hawkins:—"Why, of course not."

Aitchison:—"That's fine; I didn't do my prep."

Barber:—"Shall I cut your hair close?"

Carter:—"No, as far away as possible."

Wood:—"I guess I'll have to give up drinking coffee."

Andy:—"How's that?"

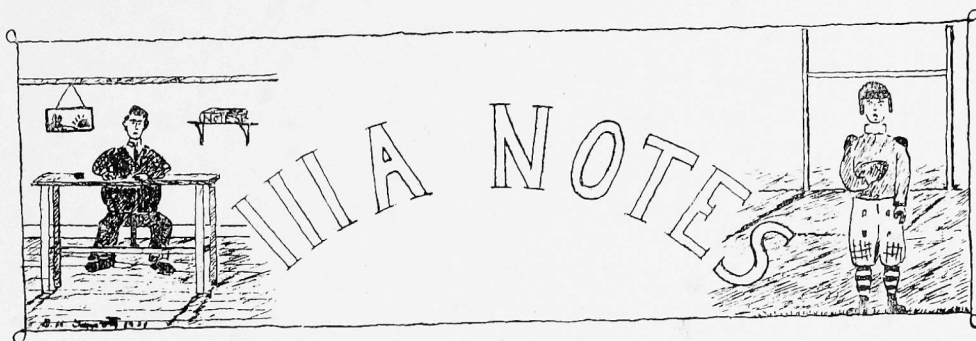
Wood:—"I can't sleep in class any more."

Gurd:—"Did you ever row a bicycle?"

Patton:—"You don't row a bicycle."

Gurd:—"Well, I rode Boothroyd's the other day."





Just a Memory

Just a little bottle
 Floating on the foam;
 Just a little bottle
 A long way from home.
 Inside a piece of paper
 With these words written on:
 "Who ever finds this bottle
 Will find the 'contents' gone."
 H. P. Sauce.

He:—"I've had this car seven years and never had a wreck."

She:—"You mean, that you have had this wreck seven years and never had a car."

Favourite Expressions

"Shut your mouth, there's a draft."
 "You think so, eh?"
 "I'm dumb just like you."
 "Don't mind him, he can't see."
 "Go away, you draw flies."
 "Just a minute, please sir."
 "Look out now!"

The rest are censored

She:—"Is it really dangerous to drive with one hand?"

He:—"Slightly. More than one fellow has run into a church doing it."

She was only a pirate's daughter, but, oh boy, what a Kidd!

M. S. Gran**T**
 J. W. Buc**H**anan
 R. D. Ande**R**son
 R. J. DE**V**lin
 F. N. Dal**E**

R. Mack**A**y

P. W. Dav**I**s
 H. T. Lang**S**ton

R. Dunc**A**n

H. E. P. Wil**S**son
 P. L. MacDo**U**gall
 C. R. Pay**a**n
 H. F. C. Bosw**E**ll
 J. A. Mcclu**R**e
 W. H. C. Wall**I**s
 H. DO**h**eny
 B. Dru**R**y

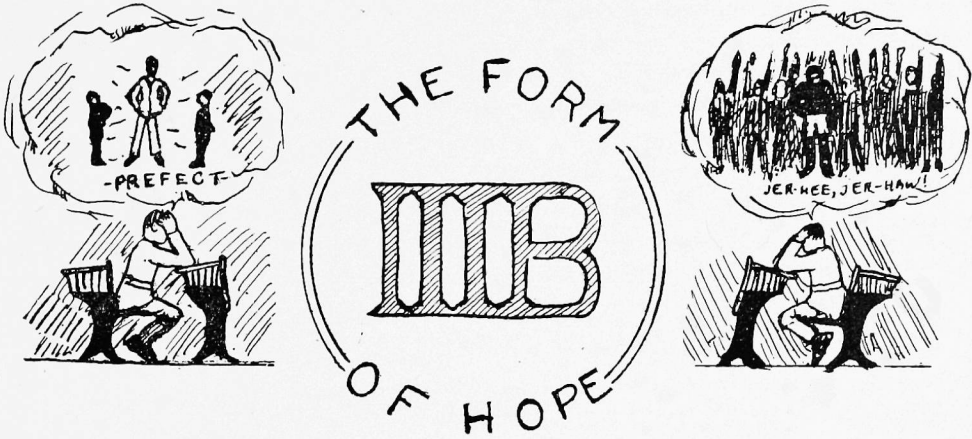
F. W. McCa**F**frey
 G. M. Drumm**O**nd
 G. D. Cla**R**ke
 S. C. MacCallum

D. M. R.

CHOO-CHOO

Three A leap up when they behold
 A freight-train on the track;
 So was it when the School began,
 So is it now Whene'er they can,
 So be it when the School is old . . .
 They must be slack!
 The engine's more intriguing than the van,
 And I could wish its cars to see
 Slip down grade by force of gravity.





IIIB—THE FORM OF HOPE

Whatsoever it may be:

Rankin III

RoBert Kimpton

Chadwick

HArshaw

Neill

Dixon

HOward

LaIng

Tom Riddell

J. DIXON.

- A is for apple which grows on a tree;
- B is for Bunty a great dog is he;
- C is for Chadwick the nut of IIIB;
- D is for Dixon, from Lachine is he.
- E is for elephants, we have none of that kind,
- F for the freaks in this Form that you'll find.
- G is for greetings which we never receive,
- H is for Harshaw whom we never deceive,
- I is for ink which Chadwick enjoys,
- J is for jungle, we wish we were there.
- K is for Kimpton who came here this year.
- L is for Laing, a magician of fame
- M is for making the best of the game.

N is for nuisance, that's what we all are,
 O is for one here who needs a new car.
 P is for Plush who tries to make us keep still,
 Q is for quick which we are to get drill.
 R is for room where ink we all spill.
 S is for stick which often we feel.
 T is for Thomas who looks just like Neill.
 U is for unity of those in our form,
 V is for violence—books fly like a storm.
 W is for Whippet on the hill sixty-two?
 X is for exercises which we seldom do.
 Y is for years we'll all be here ten—
 Z is for zeal when we start work again.

J. R. D.

J. C. H.

Johnnie Dixon comes from Lachine
 Chadwick invented a mowing machine.
 Walker is a great old pest,
 Howard comes from Montreal West.
 Rankin III from Westmount Town
 He, like Harshaw, sure is a clown.
 Kimpton hails from Terrebonne
 And Arny Read is lots of fun.
 Laing intends to be a bum,
 While Neill is a great old chum,
 Although he chews a lot of gum.
 Riddell comes from Montreal City,
 He is on the Sports Committee;
 So here is the end of our little ditty.

V. C. H.

In Twenty years we expect to see:—

Chadwick top of old IIIB.
 Dixon in a land of sun
 Charley Harshaw with a pun.
 Howard riding a noble charger,
 Kimpton about three times larger.
 Laing a soldier with a gun.
 Neill the Mayor of Fredericton.
 Rankin a prefect in Form Six,
 Read a sport from St. Felix,
 Riddell still the sport fan ever,
 Walker playing cricket, "never."!

V. C. H.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

I'm weary of the Christmas cards you see in every store; of verses made by feeble bards a year or so before. Their Christmas wishes are alike as boarding houses' lunch; I often wish that I could strike a greeting with a punch. I don't mind sending cards like these to honoured maiden aunts, but holly bells and silver trees are scarcely worth a glance.

*"I'm sending you some Christmas cheer
To greet you in the coming year."*

Imagine sending one like that for Miss Maloney's bliss; or to the Head—my only hat! or sending Wilkie this:

*"The Xmas bells ring loud and clear
To cheer you in the bright new year."*

It seems to me a better way, to put these on the shelf, and send out greetings bright and gay that we make up ourself. "To Our Dear Masters" wasn't hard—if they'll forgive us, please—and so let's write upon a card, such sentiments as these:

*"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes, we all get clear
Of books and things that bulge the brain;
But cheer up, we'll be back again!
A friendly thought is sent herewith:
A Merry Christmas, Mr. Smith!"*

*"We can't be sure, but smeli a rat,
So, Special Greetings, Mr. Pat."*

*"May Santa fill up both your stockings
With lots of good things, Mr. Hawkins!"*

*"A turk, and appetite to scoff it,
Is what we wish for Mr. Moffatt."*

*"May Yuletide go off with a whoop!
A Joyful Christmas, Mr. Shupe!"*

*"With garlands gay may you be hung!
Er-We mean your windows, Mr. Young."*

*"May you get neckties bright and silky,
Gay as our wishes, Mr. Wilkie."*

*"May Christmas bells ring out a tune, an'
Make you happy, Mr. Lunan!"*

*"Season's Greetings loud and lusty,
We send to cheer you, Mr. Dusty."*

W. G. D.

LOST HAPPINESS

Believe me, once this little place
Was lovely as a cherub's face;
As hallowed as a last caress—
And everywhere was Quietness.

The mighty elms, the little flowers,
Lived just for love of golden hours,
And knew naught of the ways of men;
Still amateur was Nature then!

But happiness can't last for aye:
All Nature's children have their day,
Then die. Man came with man-made brains,
And threw this little place in chains.

Then numbered were the golden hours;
Man felled the elms and plucked the flowers,
And Quietness with failing breath
Crept up the hill to talk with Death.

R. M.

EXCHANGES

- "Acta Ridleiana"*, Ridley College, Ont.
"Acta Studentium", Vaughan Road High School, Toronto.
"Albanian", St. Alban's School, Brockville.
"Anvil", Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.
"Argus", Appleby School, Oakville, Ont.
"Ashburian", Ashbury College, Ottawa.
"Asheville School Review", Asheville, N.C.
"Beaver Log", Miss Edgar's School, Montreal
"Bishop Strachan School Magazine", Toronto
"Black & Gold", St. John's College, Winn.
"Brimmerwrites", Brimmer School, Boston.
"Black & Red", University School, Victoria.
"Blue & White", Rothesay Collegiate School, N.B.
"Branksome Slogan", Branksome Hall, Ont.
"Campbellian", Campbell College, Belfast.
"Cargilfield Chronicle", Edinburgh.
"Choate News", Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
"College Times", Upper Canada College, New York.
"Columbia Jester", Columbia University, New York.
"Collegiate", Sarnia, Ont.
"Dumbel", Sherbrooke High School.
"Felstedian", Felstead College, Essex, Eng.
"Fettesian", Fettes College, Edinburgh.
"Goat", Royal Canadian Dragoons, St. John's, Que.
"Golden Rod", Quincy High School, Quincy.
"Gilman News", Gilman County School, Baltimore, Md.
"Haileyburian", Haileybury, England.
"Harrowian", Harrow School, England.
"Helliconian", Moulton College, Toronto.
"Hermes", Nutana Coll. Institute, Sask.
"Hotchkiss Lit.", Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.
"Horae Scholasticae", St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H.
"Junior Journal", Princeton, N.J.
"Lit.", Lawrenceville School, N.J.
"Liverpool College Magazine", Liverpool.
- "Loomis Log"*, Loomis Institute, Windsor.
"Ludemus", Havergal College, Toronto.
"Lower Canada College Review", Montreal.
"Lampadion", Delta Collegiate, Hamilton.
"McGill Daily", Montreal.
"The Megaphone", Newton, Mass.
"Moose Jaw Evening Times", Moose Jaw,
"Now and Then", St. Paul's Academy, St. Paul, Minn.
"Oakwood Oracle", Oakwood Collegiate,
"Oracle" Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa.
"Orange & Blue", Milton Academy, Mass.
"Phoenix", Pawling School, N.Y.
"Port Weekly", Port Washington High School, N.Y.
"Quebec High School Magazine", Quebec City
"Red and Grey", Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.
"Rossalian", Rossall School, England.
"Royal Military College Review", Kingston.
"Salt Shaker", Saskatoon.
"S.H.S.", St. Helen's School, Dunham, Que.
"St. Andrew's Review", St. Andrews College
"St. Maurice Valley Chronicle".
"St. Peter's College Magazine", Adelaide, Australia.
"Stanstead College Magazine", Stanstead,
"Stonyhurst Magazine", Stonyhurst College, England.
"Taft Oracle",
"Technique", Technical Institute, Montreal
"The Torch", Llanarthnay School, Edmonton
"Tripod", Roxbury Latin School, Boston.
"Twig", University of Toronto Schools.
"Trafalgar Echoes", Trafalgar Institute,
"Vox Lycei", Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa.
"Vulcan", Central Technical School, Toronto
"Western Canada College Review", Western Canada College, London, Ont.
"Western University Gazette", University of Western Ontario, London.
"Windsorian", King's College School, N.S.
"Wolf Howl", Sudbury Tech., Ont.

"Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be."—Shakespeare.
To.....:

I don't agree with William,
 I'd borrow anywhere;
I do not like your logic
 Sweet William Shakespeare.

Riddel's book or Rankin's,
 Clarke's or Carter's cap,
Any one that fits me,
 I don't give a rap.

I'm broke. Lend me something,
 A nickel or a dime;
If you can a dollar?
 I'll pay you back sometime.

Come and have one will you?
 "Thanks." Gee, let me see!
Say, you pay for this one!
 Got no change on me.

Anybody's collar,
 Drury's—he's a cinch!
Anybody's boots or shoes,
 Someone's that won't pinch.

A borrower, yes, a borrower,
 But ne'er a lender be.
Change your logic William
 Shakespeare to suit me.

NOBODY.

Thanksgiving Day

(From Sherbrooke Record, Nov. 13, 1928)

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AT B.C.S.

ANNUAL EVENT YESTERDAY AT LENNOXVILLE

Many Guests from Montreal, Quebec and Elsewhere Attended Annual Thanksgiving Day Ceremonies at Bishop's College School.—Prizes Awarded by Hon. James A. Robb.—Old Boys Defeated School at Football

Yesterday, Thanksgiving Day, the annual gathering of parents and old boys of Bishop's College School took place. The weather was ideal for the gathering and for the football match which was played between the school and the old boys at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the score resulting in a 12-7 victory for the old boys.

Lunch was served at noon to the guests in the dining hall of the school, and at half-past two the school and the visitors gathered in the assembly hall for the annual distribution of prizes. Presiding as chairman was Mr. Stanley Coristine, of Montreal, member of the board of directors of the school, who, upon taking the chair, read a telegram from Mr. Grant Hall, chairman of the board of directors, regretting the impossibility of his being present, and wishing the school every success.

Prizes Distributed by Hon. J. A. Robb

Hon. James Robb, Federal Minister of Finance, distributed the prizes after a brief but forceful address to the boys of the school. Mr. Robb said he considered the invitation to be present at Bishop's College School on the present occasion as a great compliment. Mr. Grant Hall had warned him, he said, that a long speech was not acceptable to boys, but he realized from reading over the prize list that he was in the presence of a body of critical young men.

Mr. Robb's message was as follows:—

"Today throughout Canada Canadians have been celebrating Thanksgiving Day each according to his inclination, some boys, earning a few shillings to help buy bread and butter, or provide school books for themselves, or their small brothers, are at work; others have taken to the woods to prowl after partridges and squirrels; other boys in schools, and the college boys, have, from one end of Canada to the other been competing on the athletic fields. Those whose years for such active games are past have been having just as much pleasure as the competitors. Their source of joy and thanksgiving is in the knowledge that Canada has a fine generation of lads growing up and qualifying to fill the ever-thinning ranks of the generations which are slipping along towards the far goal from whence the ball is never carried back.

"Thanksgiving is the day of remembrance, but different ages have varied recollections. At a certain age ten years makes a difference, but let us hope that no Canadian boy will ever forget the burden shouldered by the 1914-1918 generation. Yesterday and today as countless thousands gathered in silent numbers about the soldiers' memorials,

those names chiseled in stone were only names to the idly sentimental, but to mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, those letters were living characters and many an unuttered sob tore at their heart strings. We of the older generation can only do the conventional thing in moments like that, but a thoughtful boy, now of the age the parents still picture the lad who gave his all for King and country, can bring a true spirit of thanksgiving to the hearts of the lonely. A kindly act by such a boy is a true thank-offering. We at times build our dream castles wherein we ourselves are the central figures, but on the stage of life we find that the commonplace is our lot. It is, however, through the daily actions of each and all that we develop nationally, and if we give thought to the welfare of others, think kindly and try to do good, not only do we improve ourselves but we also smooth the way all must follow. We help others as well as ourselves.

Canada at Peace with the World

"Today Canada is at peace with the world; long may we so remain; yet there is always a challenge. It is a challenge to the young. Our heritage is a young country, broad in area and with scattered communities. Wherever you go in Canada, to the cities or to the outposts on the frontiers, you will find men and women filled with the one ideal—the building up of a great nation, peopled with a law-abiding citizenship, loyal to the core, in the true spirit of British traditions and idealism. That sentiment must be nurtured; it must continue to be the idealism of all who spring from British origin and of all whom we are welcoming to our shores from other lands. Not lip loyalty, for true British greatness does not consist of waving flags and shouting patriotic songs. Better is the breathing into our daily life of the spirit of fair play, the willingness to think of others, to be honest in all our dealings—social, commercial, political—to play the game not for avarice, power or place, but because we want Canada to become a greater country and a better place to live in. In that great game we cannot be spectators only; we are all on the playing field. We each must do our own bit. Will the boys of Bishop's accept the challenge and do their part?

"Anyone who has spent years in the work of a college or in public life appreciates that throughout Canada there are tens of thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands of men and women whose names will never be printed in black headlines in the daily press, yet they are the fountain of strength in the development of Canada. They are playing their part nobly, quietly; their eyes are turned towards the schools and colleges measuring the mental calibre of the boys and girls attending these institutions and finding much comfort in their surveys.

"We of the older generations want you boys to have better opportunities than we had; we are hoping that you will accomplish many things we have tried but not yet succeeded. We want you to play the game fairly both on the campus and in the classroom and so equip yourselves that when you have taken your places, as you will, you will do your part to maintain the great traditions of your race, help to keep Canadians of all races, all creeds, all provinces, united, that throughout the world the name of Canada, our Country, your Country, will be a beach to all who seek a land of loyalty and fair play."

Mr. P. F. Sise, chairman of the General Electric Company of Canada, and a member of the board of directors of Bishop's College School, expressed the thanks of the board

and the school to Hon. Mr. Robb for his presence and his address. Mr. Sise referred to Mr. Robb as "a great Canadian," and called for three cheers and a "tiger," which were most heartily given. Mr. Robb responded briefly, urging the boys to keep up the record of the school.

Headmaster's Report

The report read by Mr. S. P. Smith, M.A., headmaster of the school, showed that the academic year 1927-28 had been a very successful one in sports. The football team had gone through the season unbeaten and the hockey team had won eleven matches out of sixteen played. In the competition for the Governor General's Challenge Shield, the school Cadet Corps had been placed second, the trophy being awarded to the Sea Cadets of Montreal whom the headmaster congratulated on their success. But the school had been awarded the Challenge Cup presented by the Strathcona Trust for proficiency in physical training. An excellent report had been given by Col. Keefer after the annual cadet corps inspection in May, the boys' boxing being described as "exceptionally good." New colours had been presented to the corps by Major and Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie.

Among those who were successful in passing into McGill University, special mention was made of G. A. Sharp, G. D. Roberts and T. M. Gillespie, who had qualified in advanced mathematics as well as in Latin. Out of a total of 1,000 marks Sharp had scored 794 exclusive of his marks obtained for Latin. As dux of the school he had been awarded a Captain Melville Greenshields Scholarship and the Governor General's medal. Two boys, G. G. Black and P. B. Coristine had been admitted to the Royal Military College; this brought the number of boys who had gone from the school to the R.M.C. during the last eight years up to thirty-eight.

In reviewing the work of the lower forms in the Upper School, the headmaster referred to the great advantage which boys derived from starting in the Preparatory School. In this department Mr. Wilkinson, the headmaster, had singled out for special commendation the work done by A. J. H. Richardson and G. M. Drummond.

List of Visitors

Visitors at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, on Thanksgiving Day included:—Hon. J. A. Robb and Mrs. Robb, Mrs. H. W. Blaylock, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bishop, Miss Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barry, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Coristine, Mr. Philip Coristine, Mrs. C. F. Dale, Mr. Alan Dale, Mr. H. Lawrence Davis, Mr. Weir Davis, Mrs. Hugh Doheny, Lady Drummond, Mrs. T. T. Stoker, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Drury, Mrs. J. W. Duncan, Mrs. R. H. Bryson, Mrs. Gordon Glass, Miss Glass, Cadet Kingsley Grant, Mrs. N. W. Howard, Miss Howard, Miss Gurd, Mrs. E. L. Howell, Mrs. D. K. Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Johnston, Mr. J. D. Kimpton, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. J. Luther, Miss Luther, Mr. Douglas Luther, Mrs. B. G. Mackay, the Misses Mackay, Mrs. F. H. Markey, Miss L. Rawleys, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Meakins, Mr. and Mrs. Gudewill, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. S. McLernon, Miss McLernon, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie, Miss Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Patton, Miss Patton, Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, Cadet John Patton, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Rankin, Messrs. C. and J. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Read, Mrs. J. C. Riddell, Mrs. R. G. Sare, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Sise, Mr. Philip Sise, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Buckley, Mr. R. T. Heneker,

Mrs. Fred Shorey, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cross, Mr. and Mrs. John McEntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Moncel, Colonel and Mrs. Chas. Porteous, Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Robinson, Mr. D. A. Campbell, Messrs. George Auld, Y. Read, L. Blinco, Allan Hern, David Drury, Curzon Dobell, Philippe Roy, Robt. Campbell, Leonard Marler, Miss D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pritchard, Mr. Howard Greig, Mr. Gordon McKinnon, all of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Boswell, Miss M. Anderson, Mr. Duncan Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Breakey, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McGreevy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. W. LeM. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Neale, Mrs. Power, Messrs. Lex Smith, George Craig, Bob Sewell, Gordon and Guy Smith, Clarke Reid, Brian McGreevy, Dick Smith, of Quebec; Dr. and Mrs. F. W. McKinnon, Mrs. T. F. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McCallum, of Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Aird, Miss Aird, Miss Walters, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. LaBranche, Miss LaBranche, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Langston, of Three Rivers; Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Payan, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Payan, the Misses Payan, Mr. Philip Payan, of St. Hyacinthe; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. White, of New York; Mrs. T. F. Buch, Havana, Cuba; Mrs. E. S. Holloway, Mrs. Bryson, of St. Hilaire; Mrs. Routledge, Mrs. and Miss Cummings, of Magog, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Hume, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Paton, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Baldwin, Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Harshaw.

Prize List

The following prizes were awarded:—

Upper School—Governor General's medal, G. A. Sharp; Lieutenant Governor's medals (French), G. D. Roberts, (Classics) G. A. Sharp; Mr. Grant Hall's medal for oratory, G. H. Montgomery; form prizes:—VI, Old Boys' prize, G. A. Sharp, 2nd, G. D. Roberts; V—1st, G. H. Montgomery, 2nd M. H. Howell; IV—1st A. W. Barry, 2, J. G. McEntyre; IIIA—1st D. S. Gurd, 2nd S. F. Hubbard; IIIB—1st W. S. Carter, 2nd J. A. McClure.

Bible prizes—V—G. H. Montgomery; IV—W. J. Johnston; IIIA—E. F. H. Boothroyd; IIIB—D. M. Rankin.

Mathematical prizes—The George R. Hooper prize, G. A. Sharp; V—(given by B. I. McGreevy) G. H. Montgomery; IV—Irving prize, R. R. McLernon.

French prizes—V—G. H. Montgomery; IV—R. R. McLernon; IIIA—D. S. Gurd; IIIB—H. Doheny.

Latin prizes—V—G. H. Montgomery; IV—A. W. Barry; IIIA—W. S. Patton.

Science prizes—VI—the Edgar Black prize, G. D. Roberts; V—G. H. Montgomery.

The Morris Holt essay prize—G. A. Sharp; the C. C. Kay prize, H. T. Langston.

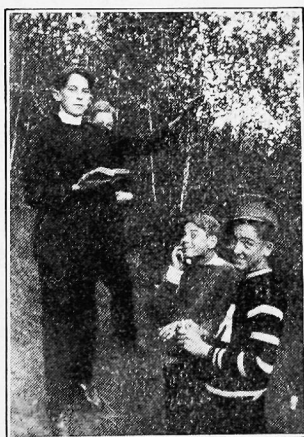
Preparatory School.

Headmaster's prize—H. F. G. Boswell; Form prizes, Remove, G. H. Drummond; IIA—R. A. Kenny; IIB—R. Moncel; scripture, A. J. H. Richardson; mathematics, A. J. H. Richardson; French A. J. H. Richardson; Latin, A. J. H. Richardson; the Morris Holt essay A. J. H. Richardson; the C. C. Kay drawing prize, F. W. McCaffrey.

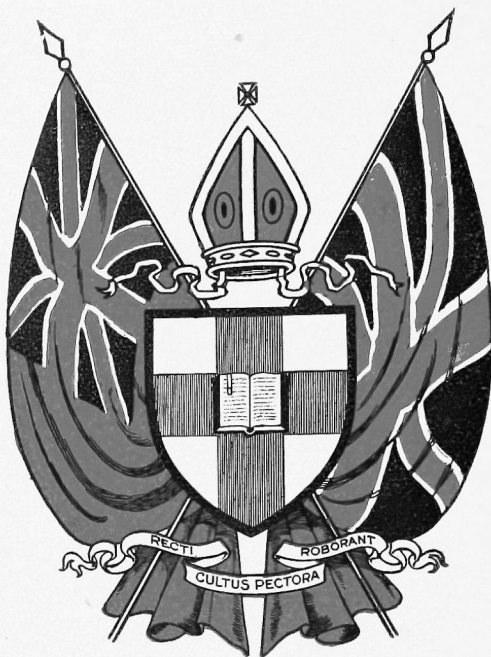
Shields for gymnastics, presented by Mr. H. B. MacDougall, of Montreal to A. M. Hern, T. R. Kenny, D. A. Hadfield, P. R. Aitchison, A. W. Barry, T. H. Baldwin, G. Clarke, R. W. Davis, W. O. Hocking, W. S. Patton, J. N. Pierce, J. J. Walker.



SKIING



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COL. KEEFLER'S REPORT

Cadet Officers' efficiency, excellent.

Rank and File, appearance and physique, excellent.

Physical Exercises, very good.

Boxing, exceptionally good.

Signalling, 27 instructed; certificates gained 27.

Infantry Training:—

Squad Drill without arms, excellent.

Platoon Drill, excellent.

Company Drill, excellent.

Ceremonial, excellent.

Small Arms Training:—

Classified as first class 41.

Classified as second class 30.

Classified as third class, none.

General Remarks:—

An excellent corps, very steady, excellent discipline.

Gave a very fine exhibition of Platoon and Arms Drill at Naval & Military Tournament, Montreal.

In 1927 the Dominion of Canada won His Majesty the King's Trophy and Challenge Shield (for miniature rifle shooting), registering 3,537 points better than South Africa, the Holders, who were placed second. The following letter was received from His Majesty:—

Privy Purse Office,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.,
8th May, 1928.

Sir:—

The result of the competition for His Majesty's Trophy has been laid before the King, who wishes his congratulations conveyed to the boys of Canada on their first and well-deserved victory.

His Majesty is pleased to learn that there has been an appreciable increase in the number of boys shooting, and that the total number of competitors has now reached nearly 34,000.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) F. M. Ponsonby.

The School Cadet Corps fired in the above competition and the following badges have been awarded to members of the Corps.

Empire Marksman, Rifle and Star (white)

score of 90 or over.

Major T. R. Kenny—96

Lieut. C. M. Drury—90

Cadet I. Ogilvie—93

Cadet P. Aitchison—90

Empire 1st Class Shots

Rifle (white), 85-89

Sgt.-Maj. G. H. MacDougall

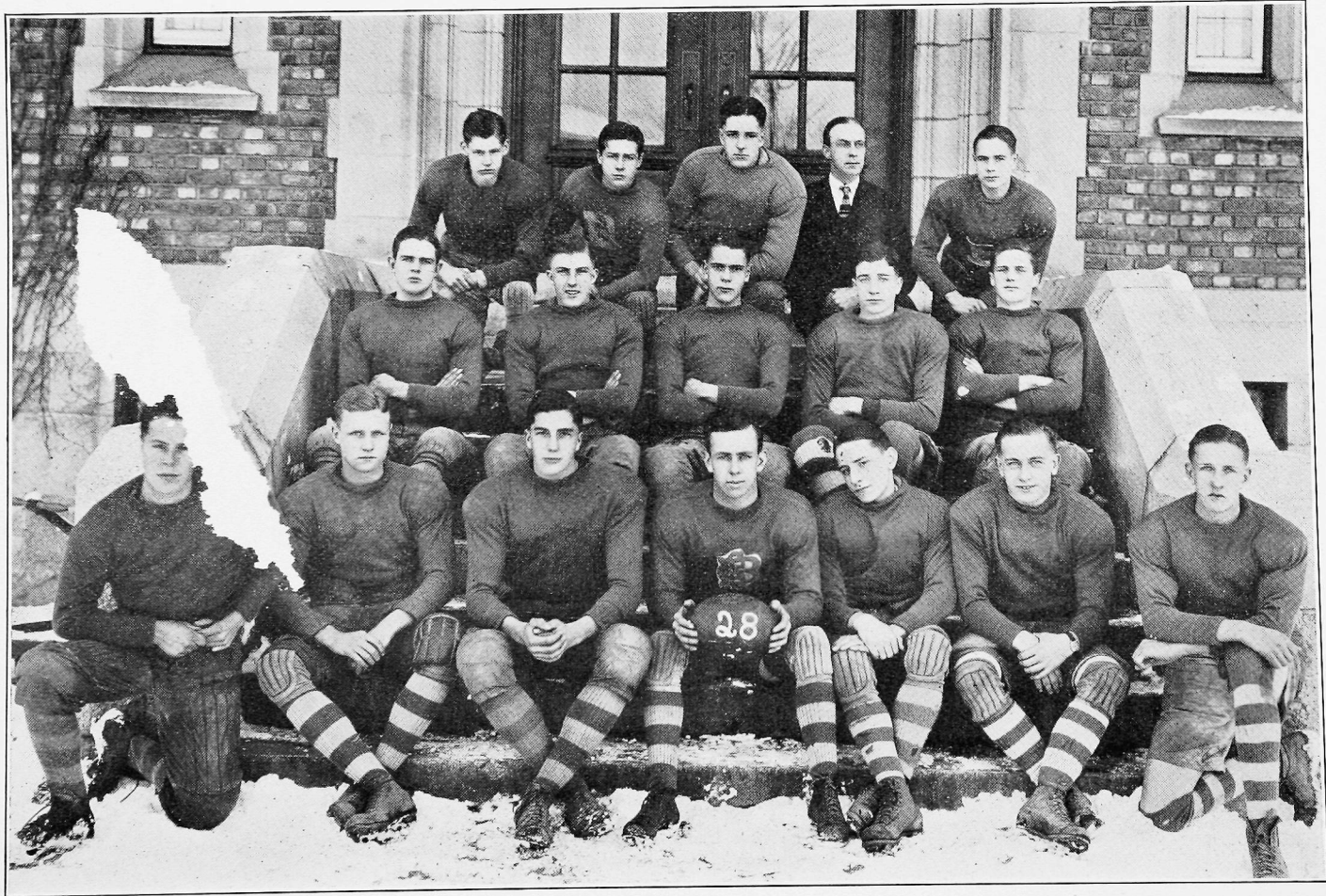
Bugle Major T. A. Patton

Cadet W. H. C. Wallis

Cadet C. R. LaBranche

In his report read at the Prize Distribution on Thanksgiving Day the Headmaster explained that the handsome silver cup on the platform had been awarded to the Cadet Corps for proficiency in Physical Training at the annual inspection in June. This is a challenge cup, given this year for the first time for competition between cadet corps in Military District No. 4, by the Militia Department.

FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM



	F. Baldwin	O. Glass	W. Patton	F. Hawkins, Esq.	P. Aitchison	
	P. Blaylock	W. Robb	T. Patton	G. Millar	C. Drury	
S. MacCallum	T. Kenny	F. Taylor	D. Hadfield, (Capt.)	E. Coristine	J. Simms	R. Mackay



FOOTBALL

1928 FOOTBALL SEASON

The smoke of battle has cleared away and the shouting and the tumult have died down. In a quiet postseason moment we find that we have had five wins and five losses—proof enough that we have held our own. Let it be said at once that we might have done better; but postmortems in football, as in other games, are unprofitable, except they inspire to better effort next year. This year's team was good, though not quite good enough for our Montreal opponents—to whom we extend congratulations. We fielded a developing rather than a developed team, for in the closing games it played the best football of the year. This is altogether encouraging for next year, for we have left a large and most promising nucleus for 1929. And in the junior teams there is abundance of ability and resource which is only awaiting the chance to get out there and show its best.

This note would be incomplete without referring to "Monty." Immediately upon arrival he began to whip the squad into shape, estimate the material at hand, and plan to build up the best possible team therefrom. As usual he brought with him several crafty plays which later frequently baffled opponents. Monty wins the boys' confidence and in return they give their best. His method is to develop a team, not only for the present year, but for that following, so that he always has available several experienced players to start a new team. The success of this policy remains to be proved in 1929.

From the Sherbrooke Record—

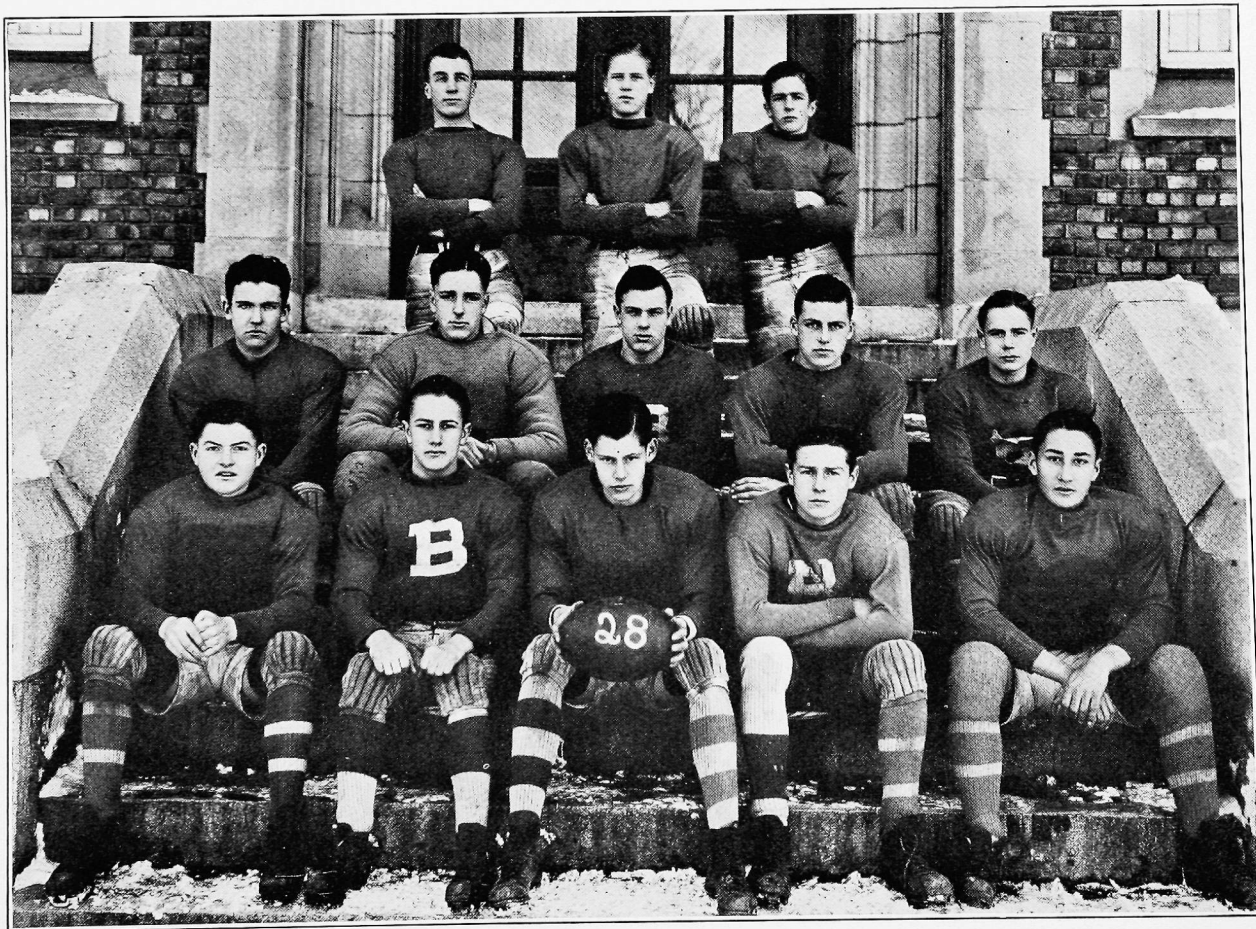
STANSTEAD vs. BISHOP'S

Victory was Chalked up by B.C.S. Squad.

Purple and White Team Took Opening Fixture of Annual Home and Home Games with Stanstead College on Saturday Afternoon.

The opening game of the annual home and home series between the Stanstead and Bishop's College School rugby squads took place Saturday on Bishop's grounds. The final score was Bishop's College School 15, and Stanstead 7, the points for the former being gained on three unconverted touches, while Stanstead had a touch, a rouge and a kick to the dead line.

SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM



D. Rankin
J. Bishop

C. LaBranche
W. Patton
R. Davis

F. Dale
R. Starke
F. Baldwin

I. Ogilvie
R. Devlin
O. Glass

P. Aitchison
E. Weaver

The teams were closely matched, but in the early stages Stanstead took longer to settle down, with the result that Bishop's end runs and bucks were ground gainers from the start. While Stanstead's line was noticeably heavier, they failed to take advantage of their weight, and left frequent openings through one of which Baldwin went over for Bishop's first touch. Stanstead then resorted to a kicking game which netted them a rouge before half time.

In the second half Bishop's line worked even better together. Taylor and Duggan both going over for touches, which were unconverted. For the visitors Hartley displayed fine kicking and great speed, making a run of a hundred yards for a touch, the outstanding individual play for the game. Hoy's kick to the deadline gave Stanstead their final point. For so early in the season both teams played good football, though Bishop's appeared to be in better condition. The game was handled by Mr. Dean, of Bishop's College, as referee, and Mr. Kimpton, of Stanstead, as judge of play.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Stanstead	Position	Bishop's
Goldin	flying wing	Kenny
Hall	half	Capt. Hadfield
Hartley	half	Taylor
Van Vliet	half	Baldwin
Moore	quarter	Drury
Peterson	snap	T. A. Patton
Soles	inside	W. S. Patton
Vipond	inside	Robb
Adams	middle	Blaylock
Hoy	middle	Duggan
Jacobson	outside	Mackay
Roy	outside	Aitchison

From the Montreal Star—

L. C. C. BEAT B. C. S.

Lower Canada College visited Lennoxville on Saturday and defeated Bishop's College School in the annual exhibition rugby match played between these schools, 20-5.

L.C.C. are at present leading the Montreal Senior Interscholastic Football League by virtue of sweeping triumphs over Westmount and Montreal High Schools. Their win over B.C.S. appears as further proof of their strength. Bishop's were, however, first to score on Saturday and they held a lead of 2—0 at half time.

Lower Canada, led by their stellar half-back, Johnston, scored four touchdowns, none of which was converted, to smother the School. Johnson's aggressive and hefty work resulted in two tries by him. Somerville and Smith accounted for the other two. During the latter part of the game, Bishop's only effective offensive weapon was their end run.



From the Sherbrooke Record—

HIGH SCHOOL LOST TO B.C.S. ON SATURDAY

**Purple and White Overcame Six Point Lead to Defeat Sherbrooke High
15 to 11 at Parade Grounds—Was First of Home and Home Series.**

With the count of 11 to 5 against them at the end of the second quarter, Bishop's College School did a spurting act in the last two quarters to win by 15 to 11 over the Sherbrooke High rugby squad in the opening game of a home and home series played at the Parade Grounds on Saturday afternoon last.

The red and white twelve opened the scoring in the first quarter when Harper recovered his own kick to cross the Bishop's School line for a touch, which he converted, to give the High six points. The purple and white tightened up, and, by means of bucks and end runs, forced the play into High territory to allow Coristine to get a touchdown, which, however, was not converted. Score Bishop's 5, High 6.

Play during the first half of the second quarter was held by the red and white pigskin chasers, Ball notching up five points when he crashed through the Bishop's line to culminate a stiff offensive by the High. No convert was made. The purple and white came back strong and at the end of the quarter were forcing the play. Score Bishop's 5, High 11.

Bishop's commenced their great rally in the third quarter. The rain, which commenced to fall, forced the two squads to buck for yards. The Lennoxville lads forced the High back towards their own line to allow Mackay to recover a kick and cross the line for five points. During the remainder of the quarter play was even. Score, Bishop's 10, High 11.

In the final quarter Bishop's gained five additional points that gave them the victory. Miller started the offensive rolling when he picked up a loose ball early in the period and crossed the line, only to be called back, the ball having been declared dead. The High lost yards on offsidcs, with the result that Hadfield finished up a wonderful run to plant the pigskin behind the High line. No convert was made. The High School lads made a strong bid to even up matters, but were unable to break through the strong school defence, and the final whistle blew with the score Bishop's 15, High 11.

The line-up:—

Bishop's		High
Kenny	flying wing	Guild
Hadfield	half	Welsh
Taylor	half	Harper
Glass	half	Ball
Coristine	quarter	Newton
T. A. Patton	snap	Wiggett
Robb	inside	G. Guild
Miller	inside	McHarg
Blaylock	middle	Mackay
Drury	middle	Bradley
Macallum	outside	Reid
Macay	outside	Riff
W. S. Patton	sub	Cross
Rankin	sub	Blue
Baldwin	sub	Evans
Devlin	sub	Tomkins
Davis	sub	
Wood	sub	

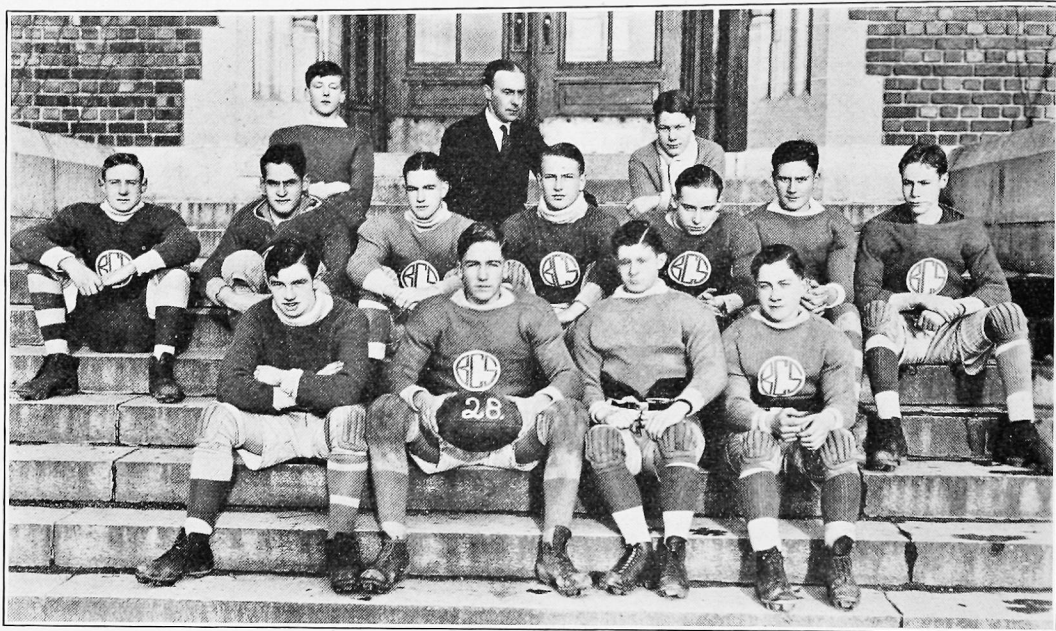
L. C. C. vs. B. C. S.

22

2

The game opened with Gatehouse kicking off for the Lower Canada boys. The ball was caught by Kenny, who ran it to the 35 yard line when a fumble gave L.C.C. the ball and enabled them to chalk up the first six points in the early stages of the game. They also scored a rouge before the end of the period. In the second period B.C.S. picked up a loose ball, and after five downs kicked the pig skin over the line, which kick Gatehouse caught and tried to run out, but was tackled behind, receiving a severe jolt which put him out of the game for a time. L.C.C. took the ball and ran it down the field to make the score 11-1 at half time.

THIRD FOOTBALL TEAM



	J. Meakins	F. E. Hawkins, Esq. (Coach)	R. McLernon	
M. Grant	H. Langston	J. McClure	J. McGreevy	D. Mackinnon
	G. Read	G. MacDougall	T. Riddell	J. Walker
				H. Doheny
				P. Sise

The second half saw a few changes in the B.C.S. line up, Patton II relieved Millar at inside and showed up brilliantly. Late in the period Patton 1 received a penalty, and while he was off, the L.C.C. boys, making their victory sure, chalked up another touch, Johnston plunging through. In the last quarter Millar resumed his place and Patton II replaced Robb. Another loose ball was picked up and kicked over the line for B.C.S.'s final point. The Bishop's boys were working their way down the field when a kick was blocked and picked up by Carsley, who ran about 15 yards. An L.C.C. end run gaye them their last 5 points. Millar was penalized for high tackling.

It was the L.C.C. end runs that broke up the game for B.C.S., who only began to stop them when it was too late.

ASHBURY vs. B. C. S.

Ashbury College defeated Bishop's College School 17—10 in their annual football match played at the M.A.A.A. grounds Monday October 29th. Bishop's opened the scoring a few minutes after the start when Hadfield crashed over for a try which was unconverted. Southam not long after kicked a rouge for Ashbury which was quickly followed by a try by Fauquier when he picked up a loose ball which had been fumbled by B.C.S. After this Taylor and Southam exchanged kicks and Bishop's used the traditional onside kick to some advantage, but before the first half ended Ashbury were

leading 11-10. Taylor secured Bishop's second try when he raced 40 yards for a touch, ably assisted by Kenny and Coristine. Southam broke the monotony of the second period by kicking two more field goals. Bishop's at no time showed their real form and keenly felt the loss of Duggan, their line-smashing middle. Southam and Bates played best for Ashbury, while Hadfield, Taylor, Kenny, Coristine and Mackay were the outstanding players for B.C.S.

Ashbury**B. C. S.**

Bates	f.w.	Kenny
Gansden	half	Taylor
Southam	"	Glass
Craig	"	Hadfield
Gilmour	quarter	Coristine
Perodeau	snap	A. Patton
Ewart	inside	Robb
Guthrie	"	Millar
McKenzie	middle	Blaylock
Beardmore	"	Drury I
Henderson	outside	Mackay
Fauquier	"	MacCallum

From the Sherbrooke Record—

SHERBROOKE HIGH vs. BISHOP'S**B.C.S. Won Close Game from High**

The Bishop's College School twelve won a hard fought contest at Lennoxville yesterday afternoon when they defeated the Sherbrooke High School rugby squad by a count of seven to six in the return game of a home and home series. The purple and white won the opening contest by a count of 15 to 11. B.C.S. notched up their points on a touchdown and two rouges, while the Sherbrooke team tallied on a touchdown and one rouge.

STANSTEAD vs. B.C.S. AT STANSTEAD

9 - 7

Stanstead defeated the visiting Bishop's College School team 9-7 in an excellent game, which was, however, played on a very muddy field. Both teams handled the ball well and few fumbles were noticed. Kimpton opened the scoring, when he crossed the Bishop's line for a try which he converted. The School was quick to retaliate, and Taylor kicked two rouges in quick succession. This was followed by a try by Coristine, which was not converted. Hay's kicking scored the remainder of Stanstead's points. Kimpton and Hartley were the best for Stanstead; while Coristine, Hadfield, Blaylock and Taylor were outstanding for the Lennoxville contingent.

B.C.S., having previously beaten Stanstead 15-7, won on the series by 22-16.

**Stanstead**

Goldin	flying wing
Kimpton	half
Hartley	"
Van Vliet	"
Moore	quarter
Peterson	snap
Soles	inside
Vipond	"
Adams	middle
Hay	"
Jackson	outside
Roy	"

B.C.S.

Kenny
Hadfield
Taylor
Glass
Coristine
T. A. Patton
W. S. Patton
Robb
Blaylock
Drury
Mackay
Aitchison

Final Game of Season
WESTMOUNT vs. BISHOP'S

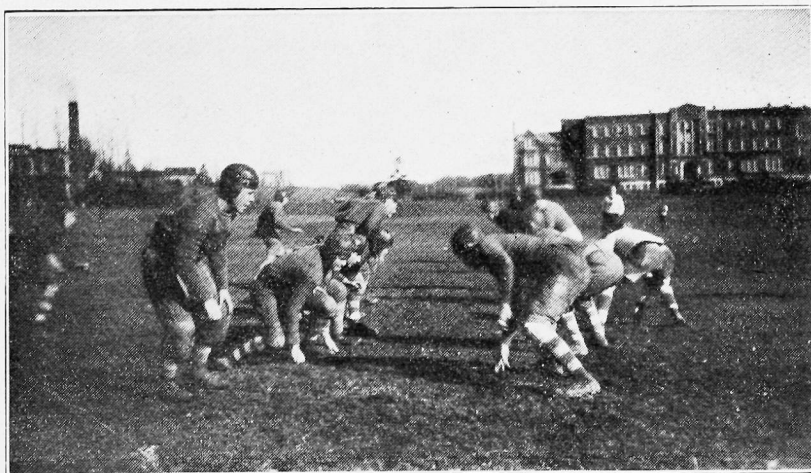
B.C.S. beat Westmount

Lennoxville, Que., November 19th.—Bishop's College School rang down the curtain on the 1928 rugby season locally by winning from the visiting Westmount High School team by a score of 9 to 6. Despite the fact that the game was played on a greasy field,

both sides displayed good football, few fumbles being noted. B.C.S. went over the visitors' line early in the first period. but the latter promptly evened the score. A safety touch before half time put B.C.S. in the lead. The last half saw only a rouge scored by each side.

Bucking and kicking were chiefly resorted to, as end runs frequently came to grief on the slippery going. For Westmount, McMaster's booting was always dangerous, while B.C.S. relied on bucks to make yards. Hadfield on short notice did the kicking for B.C.S. and acquitted himself well. The lines were evenly matched, though B.C.S. plunged for more yards than their opponents.

Westmount (6)		B.C.S. (9)
Anglin	flying wing	Kenny
McMaster	half	Hadfield
Michaels	half	Taylor
Sadler	half	Simms
McAuley	quarter	Coristine
Pickens	snap	A. Patton
Crites	inside	Millar
Christmas	inside	W. Patton
McDonald	middle	Blaylock
Silver	middle	Drury
Crombie	outside	Mackay
Markahm	outside	Aitchison
Riddell	sub.	Baldwin
Brown	sub.	Glass
Nancekivell	sub.	MacCallum



THANKSGIVING—OLD BOYS' GAME.

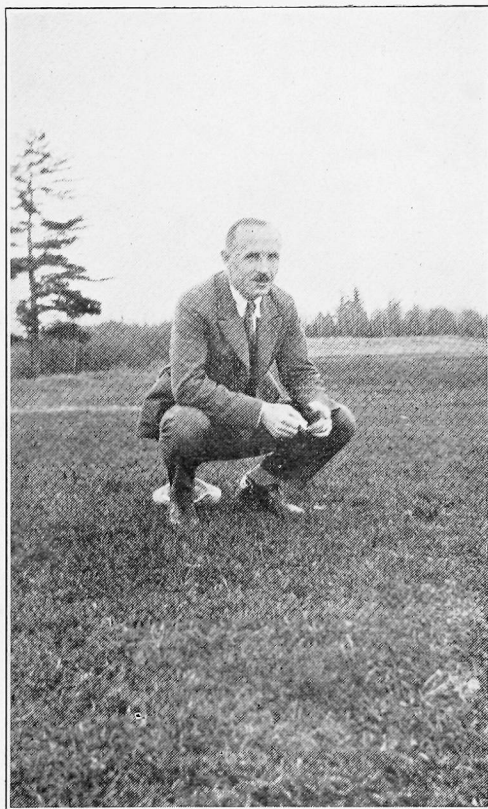
THIRD TEAM DEFEATS SECOND TEAM

Just before the teams went to Montreal a game was played between 2nd and 3rd Teams. This is an annual match and is the means whereby a boy on 3rd Team, if proved good enough, may secure a place on second team. The second Team had quite an advantage in weight over Third, but Mr. Hawkins had made an excellent, small and well balanced team from second crease.

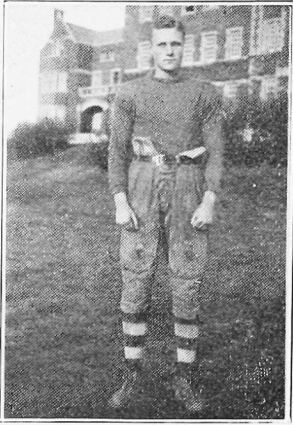
The game started off with second team on the offensive and third team holding well. Baldwin and Simms starred for second, the former's end runs gained yards every time, while Simms line bucking was excellent. Third team scored first points on a perfect drop kick by Riddell. Second team obtained a safety touch, making the score 3-2 for third. MacKinnon's line plunging and Grant's tackling were the best attributes possessed by third team, although some exceptionally good long runs were made by McClure. The last five minutes of the game were hectic, the ball being in second team's possession on third's five-yard line, but the bigger boys were unable to score, and the game ended 3-2 for third team. We might add that this is the first time in perhaps ten years that a third team has ever beaten a second team squad.



THANKSGIVING—OLD BOYS' GAME.

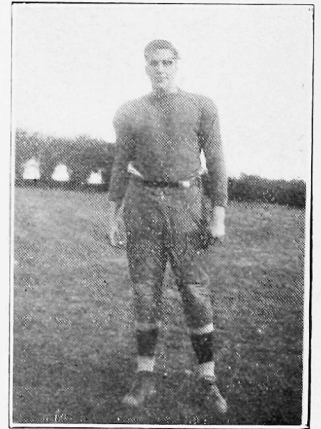


MR. E. X. MONTAGUE, COACH

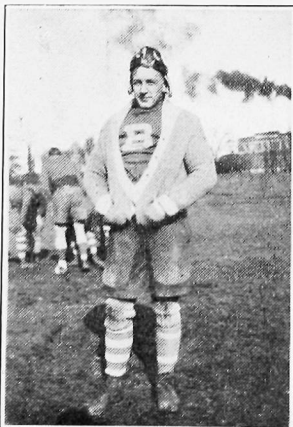


"BUCK"

Taylor. "Gordie" at centre half possesses a good punt and useful drop kick; but knee trouble in mid-season compelled him to turn over the kicking to others. A rugged player who uses his weight in bucking the line, and when well started on an end run, difficult to stop.



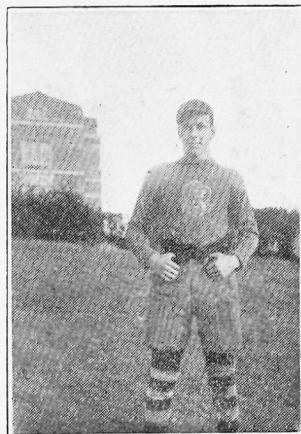
"GORDIE"



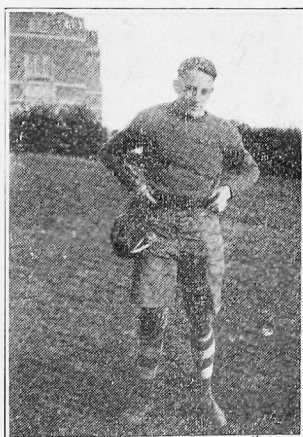
"JOE"

Simms. "Joe" has been kicking half for 2nd team, but late this season came on so well that promotion to 1st team was earned. Has that essential for the back field—a sure pair of hands, and is a creditable performer on both offence and defence.

Hadfield. "Had" drew a tough assignment this year—to lead the team, and to convert himself from line man into half back. To his credit, he did both jobs well, particularly the latter, for he developed into a fast and tricky half; while defensively he used former line experience in breaking up plays. We have perhaps had greater captains in the past, but none more enthusiastic and hard-working.



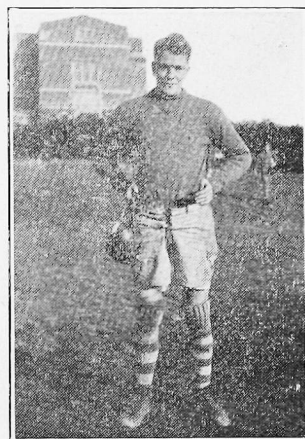
"HAD" Captain.



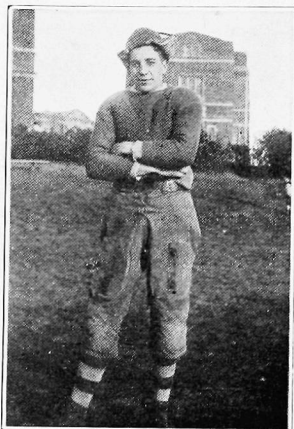
"ED"

Coristine. The selection of "Ed" for quarter was little short of inspiration, after long endeavour to make him outside wing. In the key position he was able to use what chiefly distinguishes his play—football brains. Lack of weight and only average speed are big handicaps, but when a player's strategy and team handling conceal them, and produce results in the scoring column he is obviously the right man in the right place—the best School quarterback in years.

Patton I. Allan amassed and remembered a lot of experience in this post in junior school teams. It was à propos this season. He was rarely late and never early getting the ball out, and in breaking through proved a worthy successor to Read and Short who lead the wrecking crews of the past two years.



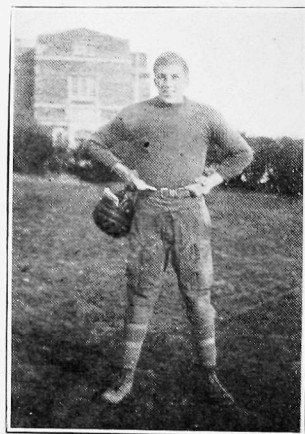
"ALLAN"



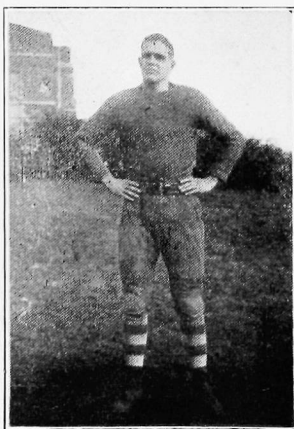
"GEORGE"

Millar. George played quarter last year, but increased weight and strength marked him for this year's line. He works harder than appears, and if he would always take football seriously it would further improve his game. Good when he is feeling that way.

Robb. "Bill" is a newcomer. At inside he found a place where persevering and unspectacular work often goes unpraised, but where any weakness is costly. With Patton and Millar, Bill completed a trio which gave our quarter ample protection.



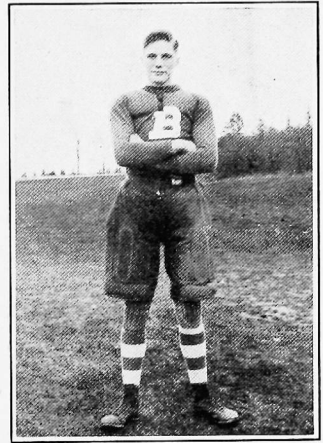
"BILL"



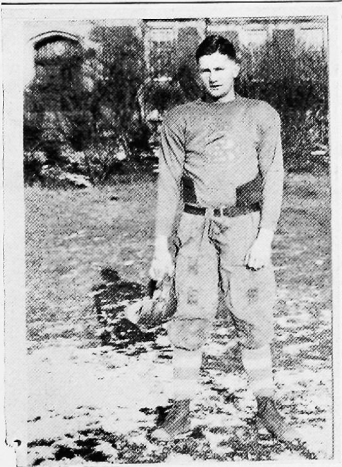
"PETE"

Blaylock. "Pete" naturally inherited a place at middle. Determination marks his play and his line-smashing is no model of gentleness. This brings results on any field and keeps the line fighting until the final whistle. When Pete tackles, they stay tackled; while a string of fallen opponents marks his power as a ball carrier.

Drury I. "Bud" is another middle hard to beat, for in addition to playing his position well, he has the football brain which senses where the enemy play is going, and he is there to meet it. A tough tackler, hard line-plunger, and like his cousin Pete, a demon on defence.



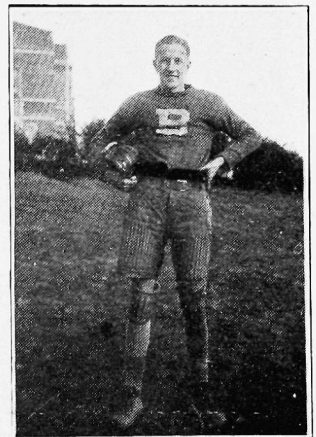
"BUD"



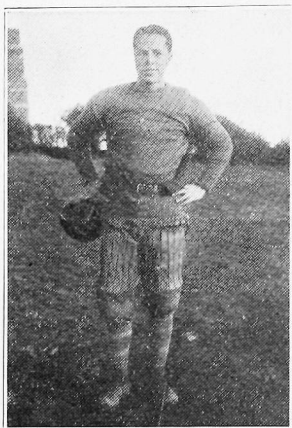
"HERRY"

Duggan. This is the war-horse of last year's team, in which at middle wing he was worth two men. From the first game this fall he started knocking 'em dead, but before the season was old had the misfortune to break his ankle. He was greatly missed in a year when star players could ill be spared. Tough luck, Herry, old boy.

Mackay. "Bob" is light and slender, but when he gets down on the kicks, oh boy, watch the opposing half hit the turf! He maintains the tradition of School insides for speed and sureness in tackling.



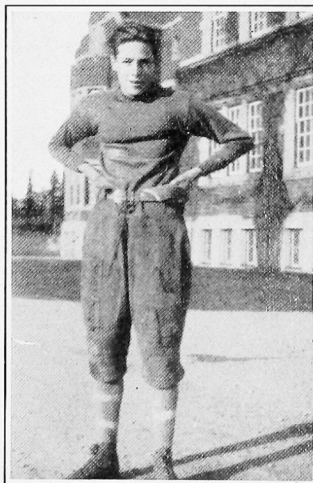
"BOB"



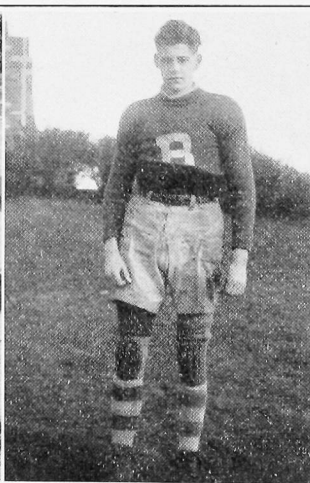
"MAC"

MacCallum. "Mac" was the other outside and he was a bear. Not quite so fast as Bob, but a heavier tackler, with a great knack of passing his cover and breaking up the enemy plays. We congratulate him on making the senior team in his first year at the School.

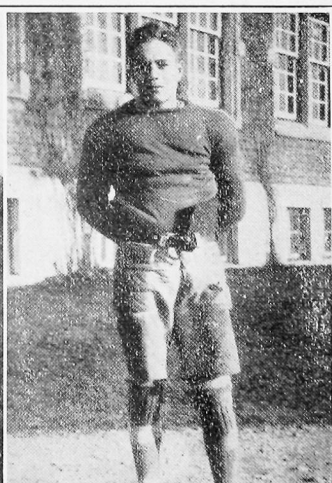
The Subs. Among these there was variety of talent, halves, linemen and a snap—and all good. They kept in shape and played frequently in the games generally acquitting themselves well without weakening the team. It was a big year for the Subs, and if they did not win their caps, let them take heart for next year, when their ability and experience will profit the 1929 team.



"OGGIE"



"FRED"



"AITCHIE"



June Closing

(Reprinted from The Sherbrooke Record, June 16th)

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL CLOSING

MANY PRESENT AT SPORTS DAY HELD AT B.C.S.

Colonel E. B. Worthington, C.M.G., Presents Prizes—Athletic Championship Goes to C. M. Hern and Junior Challenge Cup to R. Davis.

A large number of spectators witnessed the annual athletic sports at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, on Friday morning. The beautifully situated campus presented a gay scene in the bright sunshine, and the music provided by the band of the Sherbrooke Regiment was in keeping with the occasion.

The Smith challenge cup and the Fortune medal for the athletic championship of the school were won by C. M. Hern, who scored 68 marks; L. Blinco being second with 44 marks. The challenge cup open to boys under 16 years of age fell to R. Davis; and a similar trophy open to the boys of the Preparatory School to M. Grant.

The medal presented annually by the Hon. Walter Mitchell to the boy who through his industry, prominence in athletics and influence with his schoolfellows has been of the greatest service to the school during the year, was awarded to L. Blinco.

At the conclusion of the races the prizes were presented by Col. E. B. Worthington, C.M.G., of Sherbrooke, the headmaster, Mr. S. P. Smith, presiding. Mr. F. E. Hawkins acted as clerk of the course.

The Programme

Half-mile handicap:—1-R. Davis; 2-D. Drury; 3-R. G. Mackay.

High jump (senior):—1-A. Patton; 2-F. Baldwin; 3-D. Hadfield. 4 ft. 11 ins.

High jump (junior):—1-J. Meakins; 2-G. Clarke. 4 ft. 7 ins.

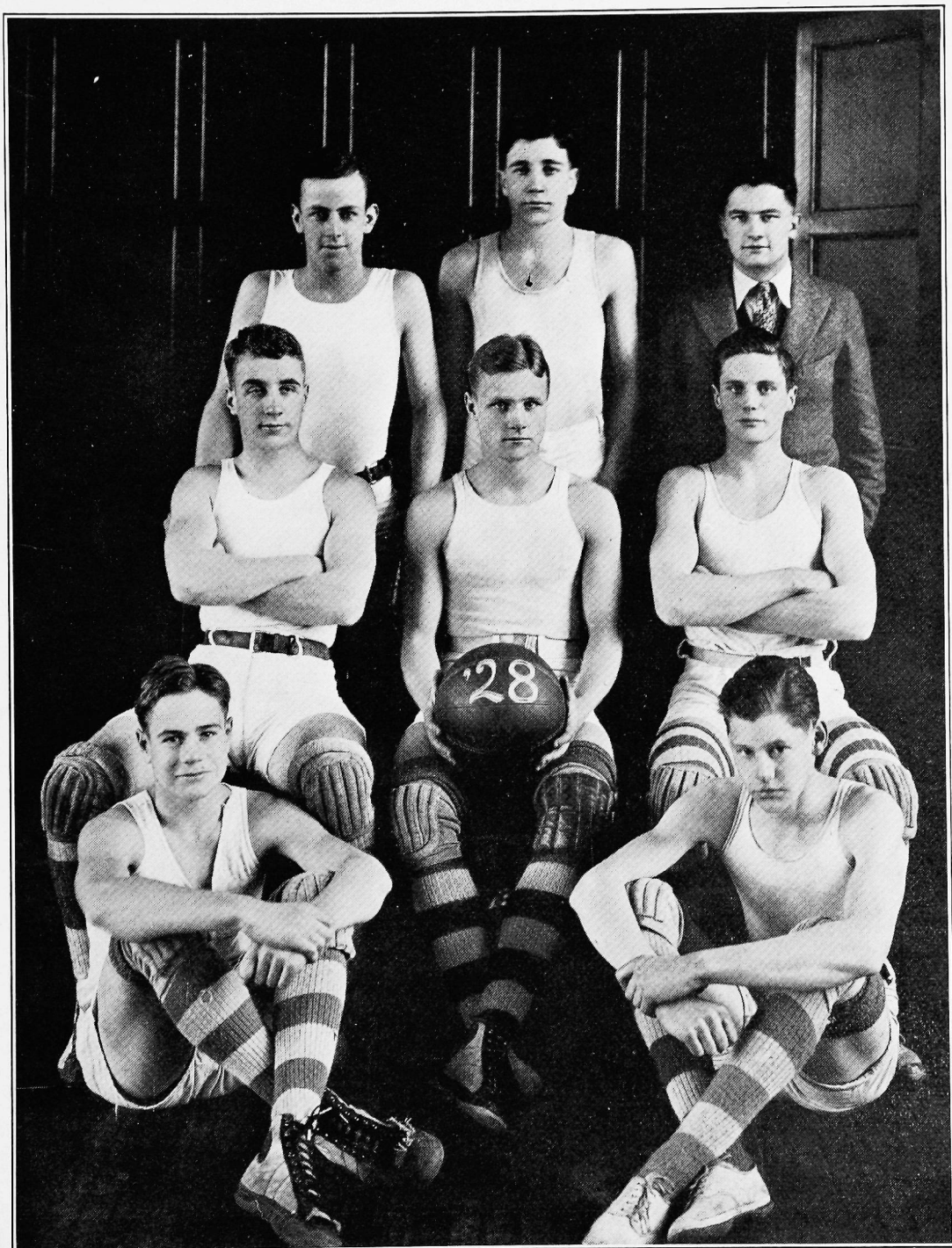
Throwing cricket ball:—1-J. P. Fuller; 2-A. Read; 3-Hadfield. 256 ft. 2 ins.

Pole vault:—1—Hern; 2—Mackay; 3—Blinco. 8 ft. 8 ins.
 Three-legged race (open):—1—J. P. Cleghorn and G. G. Black.
 Putting 16 pound shot:—1—Hadfield; 2—Blinco; 3—Fuller. 27 ft. 6 ins.
 Senior Broad jump:—1—Blinco; 2—Hern; 3—Kenny. 17 ft. 8 ins.
 Junior broad jump:—1—Dale; 2—Meakins; 3—Patton, W. 16 ft. 0 ins.
 220 yards, Prep. School:—1—Cothran; 2—Holloway; 3—Wilson.
 100 yards (senior):—1—Hern; 2—Blinco; 3—Cleghorn. 11 sec.
 100 yards under 15:—1—Dale; 2—Rankin; 3—McGreevy.
 100 yards, Prep. School:—1—Doheny; 2—Cothran; 3—Holloway.
 100 yards under 12:—1—Moncel; 2—Morton; 3—Power.
 440 yards (senior):—1—Cleghorn; 2—Hern; 3—Kenny. 1 min. 3-5 secs.
 440 yards under 16:—1—Dale; 2—R. Davis; 3—Blaylock. 1 min. 4-5 secs.
 Prep. School handicap:—1—Doheny; 2—Holloway; 3—Moncel.
 120 yards hurdles (senior):—1—Blinco; 2—Kenny; 3—Hern. 18 1-5 secs.
 120 yards hurdles under 16:—1—R. Davis; 2—W. Patton; 3—McGreevy.
 120 yards hurdles (Prep.):—1—Doheny; 2—Grant; 3—Holloway.
 Sack race (senior):—1—Duggan; 2—Doheny; 3—Hubbard.
 Sack race (Prep.):—1—Wilson; 2—Grant; 3—Moffat.
 220 yards (senior):—1—Hern; 2—Cleghorn; 3—Kenny. 26 2-5 secs.
 Three-legged race (Prep.):—McEntyre and Cothran.
 Old Boys' race:—1—W. Mitchell; 2—W. Davis; 3—R. Blinco.
 Open mile:—1—R. Davis; 2—Duggan; 3—Fuller. 5 mins. 39 secs.
 Consolation race (Upper School):—1—Roberts; 2—Doheny.
 Consolation race (Prep. School):—1—Duncan; 2—McCaffrey.

The officials were:—Referee, S. P. Smith, M.A. Judges, Mr. Young, Mr. Shupe and the Rev. E. K. Moffatt. Starter, Sgt.-Major Fisher. Timekeepers, Messrs. Pattison, Lunan and Wilson. Clerk of the course, Mr. Hawkins. Stewards, L. S. Blinco, J. P. Fuller, D. K. Drury, A. G. Sharpe, G. H. Black, H. Duggan, J. P. Cleghorn, G. Roberts, T. M. Gillespie, P. Coristine, J. Simms and L. Doucet.

Those Present

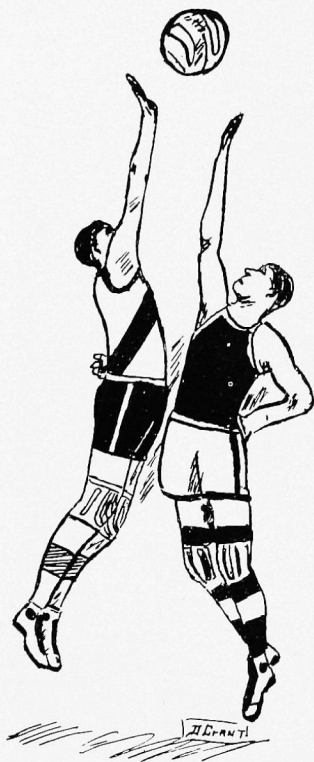
Among the guests present at the sports were:—From Montreal:—Major and Mrs. H. B. MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. MacDougall, Mr. H. L. Davis, Miss Davis, Mrs. G. B. Mackay, Miss Mackay, Mrs. G. H. Montgomery, Mrs. R. G. Sare, Mrs. J. McEntyre, Mrs. Hugh Doheny, Mrs. J. A. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barry, Major S. B. and Mrs. Coristine, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Porteous, Mrs. R. N. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. J. Luther, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Johnston, Col. and Mrs. Robt. Starke, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carter, Dr. Meakins, Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Drury, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Rankin, Captain and Mrs. Stoker, Dr. Dixon, Messrs. W. Mitchell, W. Davis, W. Murray, J. Rankin, E. Sommer, B. Marcuse; from Quebec:—Major and Mrs. J. H. Price, Mr. C. E. Price, Major H. S. McGreevy, the Lord Bishop of Quebec, Mrs. Frank Ross, Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Boswell. Others were:—Mrs. Geo. Cochrane, Mr. J. R. Sidenberg, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Aird, Three Rivers; Mr. and Mrs. Blinco, Mr. and Mrs. H. Simms, Grand'Mere; Mr. R. P. Doucet, Thetford Mines; the Messrs. H. and L. Mullen, New Rochelle; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wilson, Rimouski.



D. Hadfield
C. LaBranche
P. Aitchison

G. Millar
T. Kenny, Captain

H. Duggan, Manager
C. Drury
F. Baldwin



BASKET-BALL

B.C.S. vs. Old Boys at U.B.C.

The Old Boys started very strong by scoring four points in the first few minutes of play. But pretty guarding by Bud Drury and LaBranche kept them out. The B.C.S. forward line soon got warmed up, and by some clever combinations were soon making the Old Boys work, Kenny getting in some very good shots, both long and near ones.

When the second half started Kenny began by getting in three consecutive shots in about two or three minutes of play. The B.C.S. squad was now determined to even up the lead the Old Boys had got on them in the first period, and they ran up 12 points before the College got one. The game ended with the teams nearly even, the final score being 33-31 for the Old Boys.

Line up:— B.C.S.

Baldwin	forward
Aitchison	"
Kenny	centre
Drury I	guard
LaBranche	"

Old Boys

Fuller
Hall
Mitchell
Skelton
Bouchard

Scorers:—B.C.S.—Kenny 17, Baldwin 10, Aitchison 4.

U.B.C.—Mitchell 12, Skelton 9, Fuller 7, Hall 4, Bouchard 1.

B. C. S. DEFEAT SHERBROOKE REGIMENT

Bishop's College School team took a fast basketball game from the Sherbrooke Regiment at the 53rd Armory last night. The game opened at a great clip, but with the School boys running into the lead. They had a hard fight to retain it, however, and the period ended with the score at 11 to 10 in favour of the School boys.

In the second period the Regiment lads were unable to hold the school as well, and the Lennoxville team further increased their lead, the game ending 22 to 16. In the first period Kenny was the star man for the school, scoring seven points, while Mariasine,

of the Regiment scored four. In the second period Aitchison, of the school, scored eight, while Stoyles of the Regiment made six. The game was ably handled by Mr. Mitchell.

The list of players and points scored follows:—

Bishops—22		Regiment—16
Aitchison—10	forward	Mariasine—4
Baldwin—3	forward	Foley—2
Kenny—9	centre	Dunsmore
LaBranche	guard	Thissen
Drury	guard	Sjolander—2
MacKinnon	sub.	Gardiner
Miller	sub.	Price
Hadfield	sub.	Stoyles—8

—*From the Sherbrooke Record*

B.C.S. played their third game of the season against a picked team from Sherbrooke. The School started out well and had scored sixteen points before Sherbrooke got one, but the latter team seemed to get better as the period advanced, the score at half-time being 22-13 in favour of B.C.S.

The second period started with the Bishop's forwards doing some good passing, with deadly shooting by Kenny and Aitchison. Baldwin also did some good work passing round the basket, enabling Kenny and Aitchison to score. The School squad was never pressed during the game, and the final score was B.C.S. 34, Sherbrooke 26. Scorers for the School were Kenny 14, Aitchison 12, Baldwin 8.

This made the second victory for the School out of three games played.

34	26
B.C.S.	Sherbrooke
Kenny	Beach
Aitchison	Welsh
Baldwin	Mariasine
Drury I	Cross
LaBranche	MacKay

SWIMMING

Swimming Races at Bishop's College School

The annual swimming races of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, were held on Wednesday afternoon, at the Old Swimming Pool in the Massawippi River, with the following results:—

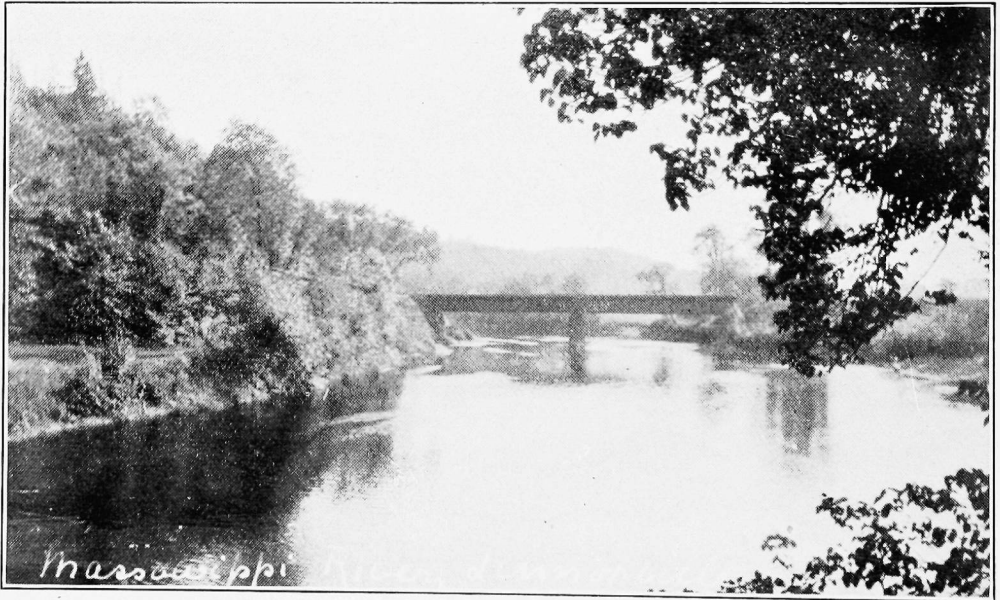
Senior 100 yards:—1st, D. K. Drury; 2nd T. A. Patton; 3rd H. O. L. Duggan.

Senior 50 yards:—1st, A. M. Hern; 2nd, D. K. Drury; 3rd, T. R. Kenny.

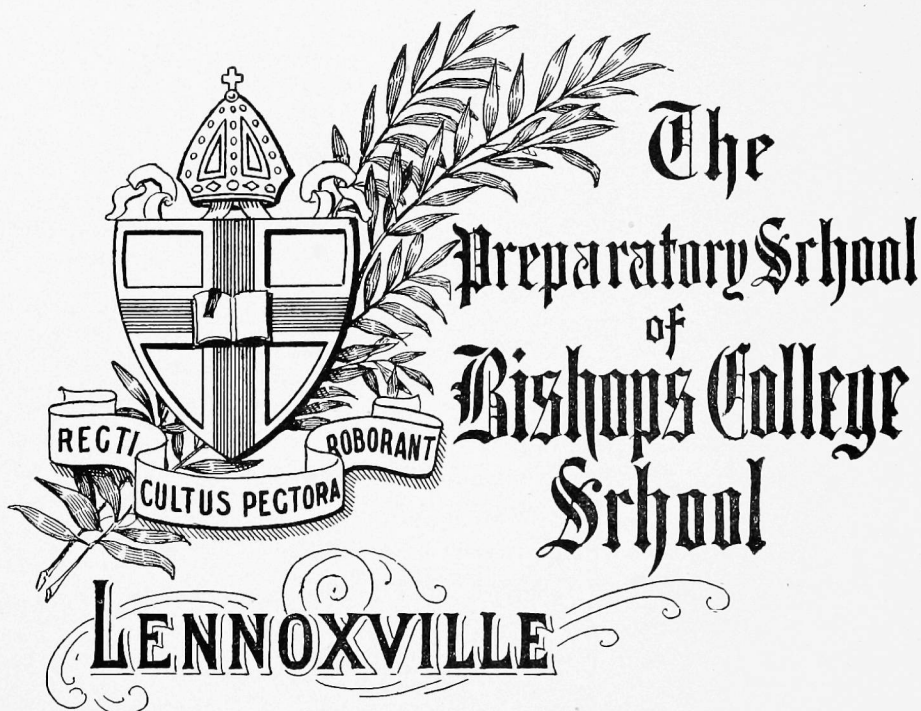
100 yards, under 16 years:—1st, T. Riddell; 2nd, P. W. Blaylock; 3rd, R. Davis.

50 yards, under 16 years:—1st T. Riddell; 2nd, P. W. Blaylock; 3rd, D. Rankin.

—*From the Sherbrooke Record*



*“With mien to match the morning
And gay delightful guise
And friendly brows and laughter
He looked me in the eyes.”*



The entry this term was most satisfactory. We were delighted to welcome so many new faces. The first month certainly contained the "crowded hour": so many boys unused to boarding school life, the necessary discipline, and the understanding that though not everyone is born clever yet all can try. Naturally to all boys their first term is a time of manifold distractions, and it is therefore greatly to the credit of the boys when they make progress under these conditions, and it is encouraging to find how well all the new boys have, after the first month, begun to get into their stride.

Undoubtedly the standard of results in any school has been largely due to the punctual return of the majority of the boys at the beginning of each term, as it cannot be too often insisted upon that delay in starting work has a very serious effect upon a boy's progress. Frequently the results are traceable throughout the term, and repeated absence leaves a permanent effect which may injure a boy's whole future career. When, as this term, we have been able to do steady and consistent work right through the term, even the weaker vessels show a measurable improvement.

Hallowe'en was enjoyed by all of us, and we once more return very hearty thanks to Mr. Kay for his gift providing apples and candy.

Thanksgiving Day was thoroughly appreciated by everyone. A great number of Old Boys, Parents and Visitors, and a beautifully sunny day all tended to make it a real



FOOTBALL 1928

day of Thanksgiving; but the occasion cannot be passed without our expressing a very sincere regret at the enforced absence of Mr. H. B. MacDougall and the earnest hope that he may soon be much better in health.

A very happy Christmas to all Parents, Old Boys and to all readers of the School Magazine.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOOTBALL NOTES

Colours were won by Kenny II (capt.), Boswell II, Sidenberg, McKinnon II, Cochrane I, McEntyre II, Holloway, Duncan II, Sheppard, Doheny II and Moncel.

We were not able to arrange games with other schools, but we played several with the Old Boys, and our Dormitory series were, as usual, keenly contested. We were able to hold the Old Boys, managing once to bring them to defeat.

AI Dormitory won the Dormitory series, winning every game. Cochrane and Kenny played well and many times broke up dangerous attacks.

REMOVE NOTES

Everyday expressions:—

Mr. L:—"Who's yip-yapping?"

Mr. D:—"I'll give you a dirty deal."

Baker:—"Bull it is!"

McKinnon:—"See me after."

The Sportsman:—

Captain of football team to centre half back:—"Why don't you trap the ball?"

New centre half back:—"But I haven't a trap."

What is the best tree for the school-master? The birch.

A HIGH TRY AT POETRY BY REMOVE

- 1—L'estomac on some one is like a big rubber ball
One day it will bust if he happens to fall.
It's getting so big that he can't see his toes,
And if he runs far, oh boy, how he blows!
- 2—Remove is the best form, as everyone knows,
Let no one dispute it or we'll come to blows.
Remove is supreme in work and in play,
Three cheers for Remove with a hip-hip-hurrah!
- 3—Hockey-time will soon be here,
Let us give a hearty cheer!
Oh let the cry rise
Right up to the skies
For this is the game of the year!

The Hunter and the Bear

A sportsman who strolled by the sea
Met a bear and attempted to flee,
He set a good pace
But the bear won the race
And had quite an enjoyable tea.

The Hunter and the Lion

An old lion, cantankerous brute,
Spied a man and went off in pursuit;
But the man climbed a tree
Saying, "Don't wait for me,
Just take my advice, eat more fruit."

Wouldn't it be a wonder if:

Baker did not get a licking.
Boothroyd did not get sick.
Boswell didn't save a lot of goals in football.
Cochrane didn't forget to take his brother out.
Doheny didn't score in football.
Gilmour didn't have a grin.
Holloway didn't get short-circuited.
Kenny didn't keep the school in order.
Luther didn't get angry.
McKinnon didn't say, "See me after."
Moffat didn't get red in the face.
Parker got a French prize.
Sheppard grew a bit.
Sidenberg reduced ? ? ? ? ?

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM



J. H. Sidenberg	E. C. Holloway	R. D. Baker	Mr. Lunan	H. A. McKinnon	J. W. Duncan	D. Doheny
D. G. Cochrane	R. Moncel	R. A. Kenny, (Captain)		A. P. Boswell	P. McEntyre	H. J. Sheppard

IIA NOTES

First Man:—"I used to have a beard like yours, but when I looked in the mirror, I decided to shave it off."

Second Man:—"I used to have a face like yours, but when I saw it in the mirror, I decided to grow this beard."

First Jew:—"Nowadays, everything is done by machinery."

Second Jew:—"Well, I dunno, talking is still done by hand."

There was a faith-healer of Deal
Who said, although pain isn't real,
If I sit on a pin and I puncture my skin
I dislike what I fancy I feel.

Q.—What is the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?

A.—One is made of wood, the other is Maid of Orleans.

A:—"Poor old chap, he was driven to his grave!"

B:—"Well, what about it? Did you expect him to walk?"

Tommy:—"Is a tin horn made out of tin?"

Father:—"Yes."

Tommy:—"Then why isn't a fog horn made out of fog?"

Globe Trotter:—"Of course, you went up the Nile?"

Bluffer:—"By jove, yes! What a view there was from the summit!"

Small Boy:—"Father, why is that man running up and down the smoking car with his mouth open?"

Father:—"That, my son, is a Scotchman getting a free smoke."

There once was a duck and a drake
That went for a swim in a lake.
Then they flew through the sky
And rose very high,
When they found they had made a mistake.

'Twas Midnight on the Ocean.—(For "Hazel" and "Bill.")

'Twas midnight on the ocean, not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly and it rained all day that night.

'Twas a winter's day in summer, the sky was raining glass,
And a barefoot boy with shoes on stood sitting on the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun was setting in the west,
The little fishes in the trees were huddled in their nests.
The rain was pouring down in drops, the moon was shining bright,
And everything that could be seen was hidden out of sight.

While the organ pealed potatoes, lard was rendered by the choir,
While the sexton rang the dishcloth, someone set the church on fire.
"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted. In the rush he lost his hair,
Now his head resembles heaven, for there is no parting there.



PREP. FROLICS.

IIB ACROSTIC

CroSs I

Michael L'Abbé

ClArke III

Jim L'Abbé

Jack L'Abbé

CochranE II

Ross II

Buch

BUckley

WhiT

RoBinson

LEwis

CroSs II

ColdiTz II

De Witt:—"Where shall we eat today?"

Jack:—"Let's eat up the street."

De Witt:—"No, I hate asphalt."

Doc:—"How did you get that black eye?"

Bob:—"I didn't choose to run."

History:

Napoleon had accidentally seated himself on a hot stove. "What wonderful courage!" remarked one of his aides. "The general is burning his breeches behind him."

Mary had a little cram-
 Ming in her math. to do;
 And everywhere that Mary went
 Her Algebra went too.
 She carried it to class one day,
 Exams in progress were—
 And since the teacher found it there
 We haven't heard from her.

Cross II:—"What would you give for a voice like mine?"

White:—"Chloroform."

Nurse:—"You look bad this morning, Colditz."

Colditz II:—"I have a cold or something in my head."

Robinson:—"It's probably a cold!"

I shot an arrow in the air; it fell to earth I knew not where, till a neighbour said it killed his calf and I must pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay the rats and a fellow swore it killed his cats, and rather than argue across the fence I paid him a dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon; I hoped it would soar till it reached the moon, but the candle fell out in a farmer's straw and I had to settle or go to law. And that is the way with a random shot; it never hits in the proper spot. And the joke you spring that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.

Father (reading letter from boy at B.C.S.):—"Well, well, Henry says he got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother:—"I'm so glad for him. I knew he would be rewarded for his interest in athletics."

We are told that a dog fills an empty place in a man's life. This is especially so of the hot dog.

. . . . (Translating Latin):—"Parte diei consumpta—partly died of consumption."

Nasty little cuss words,
 "Bother," "dash" and "blow,"
 Lead us on to wuss words,
 Send us down below.

TERM CALENDER

- September 12th, Returned to School.
September 17th, Football creases started.
October 6th, Stanstead vs. B.C.S. Won 15-7.
October 13th, L.C.C. vs. B.C.S. Lost 20-5.
October 17th, U.B.C. 2nd vs. B.C.S. Won 10-6.
October 24th, B.C.S. vs. S.H.S. at Sherbrooke. Won 15-11.
October 27th, B.C.S. vs. L.C.C. at Montreal. Lost 18-1.
October 27th, B.C.S. 2nd vs. Loyola 2nd at Montreal. Lost 20-9.
October 29th, B.C.S. vs. Ashbury at Montreal. Lost 17-10.
November 3rd, B.C.S. vs. Stanstead at Stanstead. Lost 9-7.
November 7th, B.C.S. vs. S.H.S. at Lennoxville. Won 7-6.
November 12th, Thanksgiving Day Game with Old Boys lost 12-8. Prize Giving.
November 17th, W.H.S. vs. B.C.S. at Lennoxville. Won 9-6.
November 17th, Meeting of B.C.S. Debating Society.
November 24th, Meeting of B.C.S. Debating Society.
November 24th, B.C.S. vs. Sherbrooke 1st Regiment. Won 22-16.
December 1st, B.C.S. vs. Sherbrooke All Stars. Won 24-18.
December 1st, Meeting of B.C.S. Debating Society.
December 5th, B.C.S. vs. Sherbrooke Pirates. Lost 24-18.
December 8th, B.C.S. vs. Y.M.C.A. Juniors. Won 20-19.
December 8th, "Hat Night", Debating Society.
December 15th, Exams start.
December 19th, Leave for Christmas Holidays.



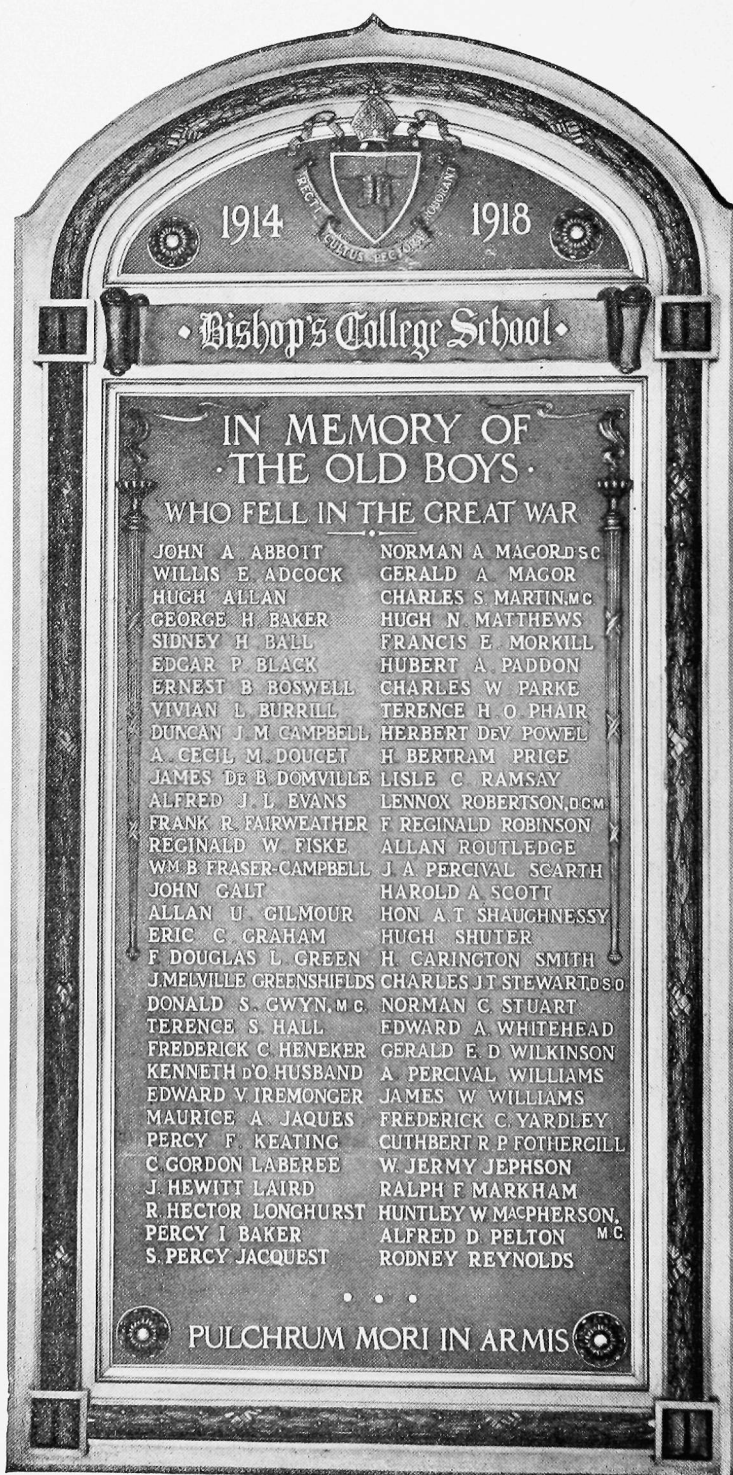


W. GORDON DUSTAN, M.A.
WHOM WE WELCOME TO THE SCHOOL.

W. Gordon Dustan

In the silence of the school-room, among the desks
deserted,
Ink-stained and marred by marks of many hands,
Through the windows in the moon-light by driving
rain-clouds skirted,
Come the visions of Old Boys from many lands.
And quietly and mournfully they take their well-
known places,
And their books lie upon by them on the form,
And they see, as in a mist-wraith, the old forgotten
faces
With the scar-marks of the world's eternal storm.

“FOR REMEMBRANCE”





DEATH OCCURS OF MR. J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A.
Cambridge Graduate Was Headmaster of Bishop's College
School from 1910 to 1920—Had Been Ill for a Year.

A large number of friends and former pupils will learn with deep regret of the death, which occurred on Monday, of Mr. J. Tyson Williams, formerly headmaster of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville. For the past twelve months Mr. Williams had been in delicate health, and an operation performed a few weeks ago in the Jeffrey Hale Hospital, Quebec, confirmed the fears of his medical advisers that the disease from which he was suffering was one which it was beyond surgical skill to cure.

Born in 1867, the son of an English clergyman, J. Tyson Williams received his education at Christ College, Brecon, in Wales, and at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he obtained the degree of B.A. At Leamington School in Warwickshire, he was a colleague of the Rev. E. J. Bidwell. And soon after Mr. Bidwell was appointed headmaster of Bishop's College School, he induced Mr. Williams to join him in starting a preparatory school at Lennoxville for boys under fourteen years of age.

In this work Mr. Williams met with marked success, and soon after Dr. Bidwell's appointment to the Deanery of Ontario, was chosen by the board of directors to succeed him as headmaster. This position Mr. Williams held from 1910 to 1920, and it was during his headmastership that the fine new buildings were erected.

As a young man Mr. Tyson Williams was an enthusiastic footballer and cricketer. His love of sport contributed largely towards his success as a schoolmaster, and the old boys of Bishop's College School will hold his name in abiding and affectionate respect.

Mr. Williams, who since his retirement from Lennoxville, has been living at 63 Bourlamaque Avenue, Quebec, leaves a widow, formerly Miss Muriel Champion, of that city.

From "Sherbrooke Daily Record," June 7th, 1928

WHEN EVENING COMES

When evening comes I like to sit
Alone with shadows and the lake;
 When evening comes I like to sit
 And think and smoke my pipe a bit
And watch the night awake.

I like to sit and contemplate
Life's infinite immensity;
 I like to sit and contemplate,
 And know that if I care to wait
The night will sing to me.

I know that if I wait I'll hear
The maple whisp'ring to the pine;
 I know that if I wait I'll hear
 Still footsteps—Things will come quite near,
And blend their thoughts with mine.

And things will come quite near to me,
The trees about me closer bend;
 And things will come quite near to me
 'Till part of night I seem to be
At least, a trusted friend.

* * * *

When evening comes I like to sit
Alone with shadows and the lake;
 When evening comes I like to sit
 And think and smoke my pipe a bit
And watch the night awake.

R. M. '26.

Old Boys Notes

R. M. C. NOTES

G. G. Black distinguished himself by coming in second in the obstacle race, and since then has been progressing with the best of them.

H. H. Smith is working hard and enjoying R.M.C., apparently.

P. B. Coristine rather surprised people by the quickness with which he dropped into R.M.C. ways. He strongly recommends that all others follow the way of a cadet.

"Pot" Doucet has the rank of corporal in this, his senior year. He is one of the better golfers of the College. Every leave the bright lights of Montreal seem to tempt him away from his Thetford home, and in Montreal he can be found on nearly all festive occasions.

Johnnie Patton still continues to shine in all sports, on the field, in the water, and in the gym. He represented his Company in both the field and aquatic sports and is now lending a useful hand with basketball.

"Hen" Markey is still progressing famously as a cadet, and has one more year before graduation. His waist line has been considerably reduced in the last year or two!

Curzon Dobell and **Kingsley Grant** both have been enjoying themselves and thriving under the iron rule of the College. They have been playing football and soccer for their Company.

There are now two Old Boys on the College staff:

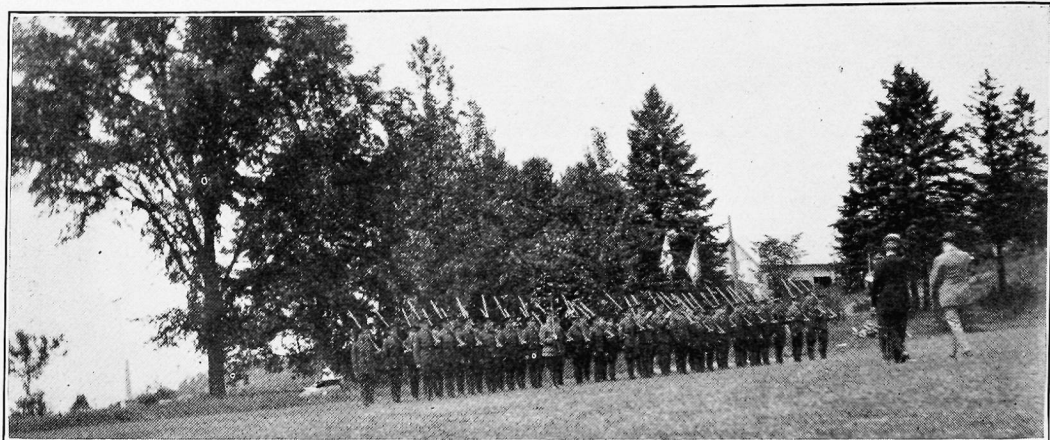
Major E. K. Holloway (B.C.S. 1899-1901) of the R.C.D., appointed Staff Adjutant this year.

Major Hubert Stethem (B.C.S. 1899-1901) R.C.D., Superintendent of Military Organization, Administration and Law.

Extracts from letter to the Editor from a B.C.S. Cadet:—

"It was mighty nice seeing you all at Thanksgiving, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. May I say that the spirit of B.C.S. seems to hold longer than any other school. All the other chaps think it so strange that anyone should want to go back to school for the holiday

I am sorry to hear that the old Dramatic Society has been disbanded. No doubt it will revive again—at least so we hope."



(From R.M.C. Review)

1809, U.O. HERBERT ROSS PATTON—"Rosie" created his *first* disturbance on April 16th, 1906, when his cries shattered the leaden silence of a London fog. Since then he has skipped through life, leaving footprints (size 12) in the U.S.A. and footprints (size 12) in Canada, which tell of light adventures, escapades perhaps, but honourable. Rosie attended B.C.S. for four years. When notified of his admission to R. M. C. the shock to him must have been terrific, because, for the first and last time in his life, he came early. On the evening of the day after his arrival he distinguished himself by lying down in the boat-house while on Boat Orderly duty. When found some time after Tattoo Parade by the B.O.S. Rosie had a really hard time convincing him that he was only looking for the "Roamer" which he *thought* had slipped through a crack in the boards. Later he gave a neat cap salute with a rifle on his shoulder before a gallery of Seniors. In spite of such "bones" he stepped into the limelight as Class Senior during January and February, and was the excellent Stage Manager for the 1925 Cake-walk. The following year he was famous for three acts:—losing his memory after leaving a toboggan on Fort Henry Hill; wearing Col. Dawson's top hat into Class, and getting caught in Kingston on a nocturnal visit. An excellent swimmer, Rosie won the 440 yards three times out of three starts, the 50 yards once and the 1926 Aquatic Championship. Last autumn he came second in the Garden Island to Kingston Marathon. During the past year he has successfully led "Ack" in his usual straight, frank, and fair way, and intends entering the Pulp and Paper business. Carry on, Rosie, the best wishes of the Class go with you.

—H. de M. M.

(From R.M.C. Review)

**1800, U.O. HARTLAND DeMONTARVILLE
MOLSON**

Hartland hails from Montreal, where he started his life and where he hopes to continue it, though to all observers Kingston seems to have a great attraction for him. He received his early training at Charterhouse and B.C.S. and soon came to the front as "B" Co. senior during the first month of our life at the College. In our Second Class year he appeared at Easter with a stripe on his collar. He has always been one of our shining lights in the field of sport, having played on the First Football Team for three years and on the First Hockey Team for two. He also played with the Kingston Juniors, O.H.A. Champions for one year when he went out to Winnipeg with them to play in the Dominion Finals. In the track sports—well, he has been on the Lafferty Cup team for three years, which speaks for itself. In our recruit year he distinguished himself by arriving second in the Obstacle Race. He has also been in the finals of the boxing for two years. He played a very prominent part in our "Cake-walk" both in the organization and acting. As the commander of "Beer" he has done very well though he has had hard luck in not winning more of the Inter-Company events. He has helped out the "Review" by his writing and is its Assistant Business Manager. He is not yet sure what he is going to do next year. Here's the best to you, old chap. We all expect to hear of H. de M. M. leading something, somewhere, sometime soon.

—S. E. E. M.

1806, CPL. BARTLETT McLENNAN OGILVIE

Bart first became known to the world in the thriving centre of Montreal. At an early age it was predicted that he would be a nice energetic lad and Bart has done his best to live up to this prophecy. The "whys and wherefors" of education were first given to Bart at B.C.S. His professors found it a difficult task, as he was informed, that he wasn't dumb but just plain stupid. But they didn't know our Bart. During his four years here, he has made himself popular with his usual *savoir faire*. Although he is not a brilliant athlete, he takes a great interest in all sports and has represented his platoon and company on many occasions. His favourite sport is riding and at this he is no mean artist, having won the spur and crown last year. On graduating, Bart intends going with the Canadian Explosives—may we live in peace.

—A. E. O.

MCGILL NOTES

With but two days until the Mag goes to press we are tempted to revert to the old inspired style of Form Notes, where it was enough to head a column "Imagine . . .", followed by such remarks as "MacDougall having Sunday Roll", or "Breakey in long Pants". It would be pleasant to have a try again at composing a "Line-Up", replete with Nick-names, Weaknesses and Probable Future Occupations. But all this has been done once. (High hat!—Ed.)

It was predicted by one Form Editor that time would see George Auld "raising hen-fruit in P.E.I." George is old enough to know his own mind now and he denies it flatly. Andy Breakey was to be Premier of Great Britain—but we've allowed him three years grace since he left school, and where is he now? It is deplorable. He is just one hundred miles farther from London than he was when the Fifth Form oracle spoke. There are other similar cases. We are so depressed in fact that we shall not even attempt a limerick or a neatly-rhymed alphabet. We shall merely drone on in a hollow voice that . . .

We recently enjoyed seeing HOWARD GREIG dashing madly back and forth across the stage in Moyse Hall with a sheet over his head, in the Players Club's presentation of the "Watched Pot."

The right-hand man of the Supreme Court, BUG DAVIS, has many a yarn to spin about the great Law banquet of the fall of '28.

It is rumoured about town that the debutantes have banded themselves together to form a Breakey-Protective Society.

BRIAN MCGREEVY, notorious as the Red Ace, and also as "The grand old man of debating", has turned his attention once more to the Arts '30 trophy.

The Political Economy Club, the Historical Club and things known as "extra-mural activities" take up all HARDY JOHNSTON'S time.

BUNNY GLASSFORD, recently with the Bell Telephone Company, is now studying to become a chartered accountant.

Continuing on his coast-to-coast trip, DOUG. LUTHER has, according to late reports, reached Queen's University, at Kingston.

A feature of every football game in his Scarlet Key Sweater, PINKY McMASTER is also a member of the Union House committee.

COW O'MEARA has got down to the long grind of training on corn flakes for the boxing comp. He says "they pack an awful punch."

WILLIE MURRAY, the human Sponge for knowledge, is agitating for a garage on the campus for his mighty Studebaker.

We haven't seen much of ROBERTS lately. He's probably in training for the Christmas exams.

SHARP must be working, too.

GILLESPIE is seen here and there now and then. He is showing a great aptitude in the grand old game of fooling the profs.

Seeing that ERIC SANGSTER was one of the assistant football managers, we all knew that McGill had the championship cinched. Great stuff, Eric!

JOHN RANKIN is tying old Joe CALCULUS in knots. And that, kiddies, is quite a feat.

On the reportorial staff of the Gazette, CAMPBELL has at last found an opportunity for throwing the Bull.

GEORGE BAKER is prominent among those who claim that one has to be a genius to get through McGill nowadays.

DOUCET is battling nobly with first year Arts.

The Sun Life wishes to announce the special engagement of "TOSK" BALFOUR, song-and-dance artist "extraordinary."

HUGH MONTGOMERY is busy with his final year in Science. The Students Council helps to take up his spare time.

"BUG" DAVIS, neglected in recent Old Boy reports, is a junior in Law.

Though we missed him at the football games, we expect that JOHNNY MALO will foregather with the gang to watch the intercollegiate hockey.

DICK TAYLOR is working in town, but we neglected to ask just what company he now heads.

MAX BOULTON is number two man to skip McGreevy on the Arts '30 debating team. He still shows promise of being first of the first class final honors men in French.

GEORGE AULD, as this is being written, bends over a drafting table doing his best to contract a case of Architect's Stomach. He works behind the scenes with the Players Club.

Will somebody give us a line on R. Montgomery? (Ed.)

U. B. C. NOTES

George Hall. George entered 2nd year Arts after having spent two years at R.M.C. His keenness in dramatics proved successful, and we saw him as the sweet, blushing, dignified butler in one of the three College plays last month. George's future career has not yet been divulged. He says, "slow and steady wins the race" so we'll wait till ten or twelve come in and enquire further. George took up running in the autumn and came third in both the College races.

Herbert Hall. "Herbie" entered 1st year Arts after a year at R.M.C. Nothing could keep him away from Lennoxville, "the attractions," he says, "are too numerous to mention." Herbie noticed that there was new flooring in the Long Bridge, otherwise there were no changes to be seen. He is on the Mitre board and can now typewrite with two fingers—keep up the progress, Herbie! As to future careers, Herbie doesn't exactly know. He says that "everyone is in a whirlwind as to future careers, especially at College." So all we can get from him is: "Let the future come."

William Mitchell. "Bill" entered 1st year Arts after spending a year at McGill. It was found out recently that he had lost five cents between the School and the Long Bridge, hence the triumphal return. Bill took up rugby and played outside wing. His intention is to get a B.A., after that Bill is going to leave it in the hands of the immortal gods. He says it is too great a worry, especially at College, to bother over such trivial matters as "future careers."

J. P. Fuller. Jack entered first year Arts with the intention of obtaining greater knowledge. He says it is all right to get knowledge, but why go to extremes. He kept

COMING OF WINTER

When the last gay flower had withered
And the hills, no longer green,
Neath their scanty garment shivered,
Winter wakened from his dream.

A pure white mantle spread he o'er
The gray-brown death mask summer wore.
A haunting, howling, sad wind mourns
The corpse the snowy cloak adorns.

R. McA. CAMPBELL.

up his good record in rugby and played centre half on the College team. Likewise, his future has not been divulged. He says it is like measles, you never know when you are going to get the germ. John says he likes it at College but would like it better if there were no lectures. The motion was put to the house and carried unanimously.

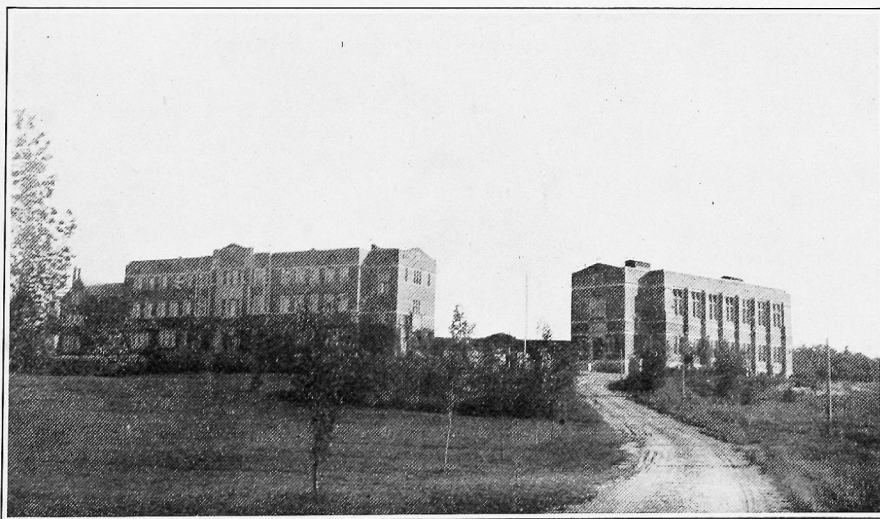
E. R. Smith. "Teddy" entered 2nd year Arts after successfully passing the first year. He turned out for rugby both last year and this and played for the Intermediates. He has taken up music and says he can play a banjo. It is a question of "believe it or not!" Those who know him, kindly believe it. He has also taken up checkers, but owing to serious injuries to the third finger of his left hand, cannot play for a while. Teddy's future is dazed, he says, and he is waiting for the fog to clear. He is on the Mitre Board and is a keen debater.

R. P. Blinco. "Joe" entered U.B.C. in the fall of 1927 after spending a year at McGill. He is now in 2nd year Arts. He played senior rugby and in 1927 was quarterback. In 1927 he also played senior hockey. This year he was captain of the senior rugby team and again played quarterback.

H. L. H.

Capt. H. M. S. Penhale (1911-12) of the Royal Canadian Artillery, has qualified by examination for entrance to the Staff College, Camberley, England, where he has entered upon a two years' course. Captain Penhale acted as Adjutant at the Militia Staff Course held at Bishop's College School in July.

On the Directing staff of the Militia Staff Course was Major F. R. Henshaw, M.C., whose father attended B.C.S. in 1870-75.



WON APPLIED SCIENCE PRIZE

The prize list for the faculty of applied science at McGill University has been announced by the University. Among the three who were awarded prizes in the third year was Mr. Hugh Richardson Montgomery, of Philipsburg, who obtained the J. M. McCarthy Fieldwork Prize. Mr. Montgomery was educated at Bishop's College School and attended Bishop's University one year for pre-science work.

Sherbrooke Record, June 9th.

Stobie, Forlong and Company announce the opening of a branch in Quebec under the management of Philippe Roy. Mr. Roy is the son of the Hon. Philippe Roy, Canadian High Commissioner at Paris. He recently became associated with the firm after having been connected with Savard and Company and prior to that with Versailles and Company, Quebec.

"McGill Daily"

W. R. MacMaster has been elected by acclamation to the vice-presidency of the Commercial Society.

Roger Wisner (1904-10) of 126 East 30th St., New York, signed the Visitor's Book on July 11th.

R. Cassels (1889-94), who had not been to Lennoxville for twenty years, visited the School during the summer holidays.

Archie Lewis (1906-12) has joined his brother Basil (1913-16) in Montreal; both are with the Northern Electric Co.

Jack Porteous (1917-21), has been admitted as a junior partner to the firm of Brown, Montgomery & McMichael, Montreal.

Wilshire Harcourt (1918-24) and Norman Moseley (1918-23) are in their final year at the University of Pennsylvania, where they are taking Commerce and Architecture respectively. Preston Watters (1923-25) is in his final years at Williams College.

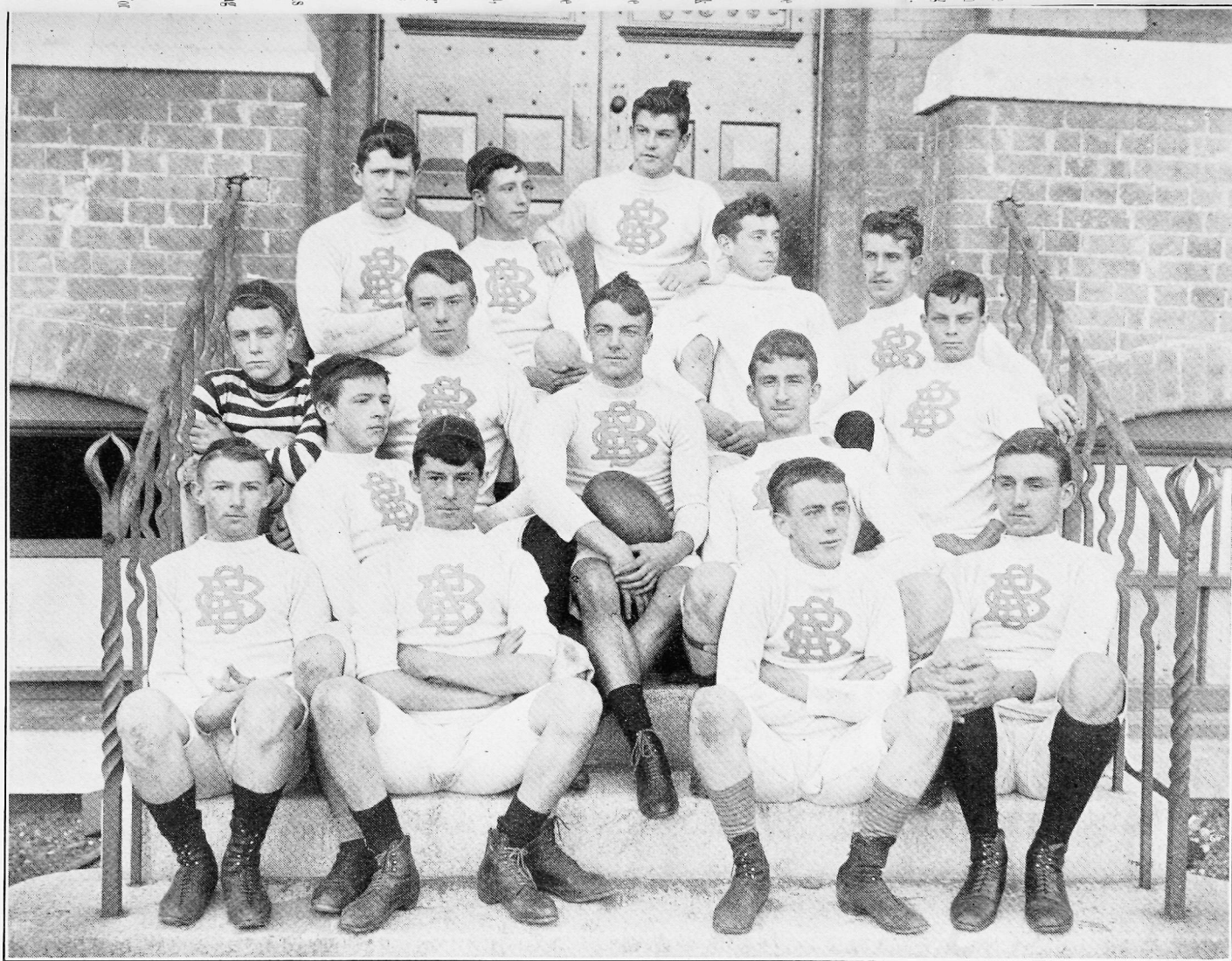
Bill Hall (1918-24), is working on the "Daily Province" in Vancouver.

Charlie Monk (1918-25) is also in Vancouver, working for General Motors. He is engaged.

E. J. Sommer (1918-24) is on the staff of the Montreal office of the Victor Talking Machine Co.

Gilpin (1917-20), is selling bonds for the Stobie-Furlong Co.

Landon Peters (1917-23), accompanied by his wife, drove up from New York for Thanksgiving.



FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1892

W. Hey, Sub.	L. Abbott, Half	C. Tofield, Quarter	H. Learmont, Wing	F. Tofield, Wing
W. B. Kingsmill, Wing	J. G. Harrison, Sub.	R. E. MacDougall, Capt. Half	F. Johnson, Sub.	S. C. Ramsay, Sub.
W. M. Conyers, Sub.	C. F. Rothera, Sub.	H. B. MacDougall, Back.	H. Kirwin, Wing	E. A. Burke, Sub.

RETROSPECT

Soft on the stillness of a summer night,
An old, old melody, magnificent
With splendid feeling, grief and short delight,
Stole up to me, caressed my soul—and went.

In hushed, eternal notes it showed to me
The haunted ruins of forgotten years;
In ecstasy it rose, then ceased to be
And hot upon my cheek came sudden tears.

R. M. '26.



ENGAGEMENTS

"Star", June 12th,

1928

The engagement is announced of Yvette, daughter of the late General Frank D. Lafferty and of Mrs. Lafferty, of Quebec, to Mr. John Porteous, B.C.S. 1913-20, son of the late Mr. C. E. L. Porteous and of Mrs. Porteous, of the Island of Orleans.

"Star", July 23rd, 1928.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Harvey Smith, of Winnipeg, announce the engagement of their daughter, Muriel Harvey, to Mr. Harold Richard Turner, B.C.S. 1913-1915, son of Lieut.-General Sir Richard and Lady Turner, of Quebec. Miss Smith is a granddaughter of the late Sir Alexander T. Galt and Lady Galt, of Montreal.

Sept. 22nd, 1928.

Engagement announced of Miss Nancy Esdaile to George Herbert Cook, 1914-17.

Gerald G. Ryan, 1915-17, engaged to Miss Mimi Beaubien, of Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Patton announce the engagement of their daughter Jessie Aird, to Mr. Bill Ogilvie (B.C.S. 1917-22), son of Major and Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie.

(From the Gazette, Aug. 11th).

MARRIAGES

RUSSELL—ACER—On September 20th, 1928, by Very Rev. Dean Carlisle, in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, Katherine Elizabeth Acer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. A. Acer, 733 Pine Avenue West, Montreal, to William Stewart Russell, (1912-1921), son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart Russell, of Cap Chat, Que.

"Sherbrooke Record," June 12th, 1928.

Atkinson—Thompson

Lake Magog, Que., June 12.—The marriage of Margaret MacKenzie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George MacKenzie Thompson, to Mr. James Atkinson, Jr. (B.C.S. 1910-1916), son of Rev. James Atkinson and Mrs. Atkinson, took place on Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock at St. Barnabas Church. The Rev. James Atkinson, of St. Luke's Church, Magog, father of the groom, officiated, assisted by Rev. Alexander F. G. Nichol, incumbent of St. Barnabas Church.

"Sherbrooke Record," Nov. 19th.

Loomis—Ellis

The marriage of Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R.L. Ellis, of Montreal, to Mr. Dan M. Loomis, son of Sir Frederick and Lady Loomis, also of Montreal, took place Saturday afternoon, at half-past four o'clock, at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, the Rev. Canon A. P. Shatford officiating. Captain W. G. Evans, of Kingston, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Malcolm McLeod, Mr. Donald Cleghorn, and Mr. Hamilton de Bury.

A B.C.S. OLD BOY

Extracts from the "Life of Sir Harry Rawson" by Lieutenant Geoffrey Rawson, R.I.M.

(Kindly lent by his niece, Mrs. Ward, Lennoxville)

No narrative of the life of Sir Harry Rawson would be complete without some account of his perhaps no less famous brother, Wyatt Rawson.

Endowed with many of the qualities which so strongly characterized his elder brother, and with all the prospects of a brilliant career before him, his life was tragically cut short at the early age of twenty-nine. Born on August 17th, 1853, he passed his early years in Canada, where his father held an official position, and it was whilst there that he gained some of his boyish experience in sledging which was to stand him in such good stead afterwards. He entered the navy in 1866, and enjoyed the great advantage of serving his apprenticeship under Captain J. G. Goodenough in the "Minotaur", the ship which was afterwards commanded by his brother Harry.

Later he joined the "Narcissus" (Captain Codrington), one of the ships forming the celebrated flying squadron under Admiral Phipps Hornby which made the voyage round the world. On his return Rawson passed for Lieutenant with credit, and when the Ashantee War broke out he was attached to the "Active" (Commodore Hewett), and distinguished himself in the march on Kumassi with the Naval Brigade, receiving a bullet-wound in the thigh at the battle of Amoaful in January, 1874. He was mentioned in despatches for the energy and tact he displayed, and was specially promoted to the rank of Lieutenant on March 31st, 1874, at the age of twenty.

When it was decided that Arctic exploration should be resumed through Government agency, both Wyatt and his brother, then Commander Rawson, were among the foremost and most eager of the volunteers, and although his brother was unsuccessful, Wyatt Rawson was appointed Third Lieutenant of the "Discovery" in April, 1875. Among other officers who were appointed to this expedition was the present Admiral of the Fleet, Sir William May.

Two powerful steamers, the "Alert" and "Discovery", were selected for the service, and the command of the whole placed in the hands of Sir George Nares, with Commander A. H. Markham, who had made a cruise in the whaler up Baffin's Bay and Barrow Strait the previous year, as second in command of the "Alert." Captain H. F. Stephenson commanded the "Discovery". The primary object of the expedition was to attain, if possible, the highest northern latitude and even the Pole itself, and to explore the adjacent coastlines within reach of the travelling parties. The limits of the exploring parties were fixed between 90° and 20° west longitude.

The expedition set sail from Portsmouth on May 29th, 1875, and entered Smith Sound in the last days of July. After much difficulty with the ice, Lady Franklin Bay in 81° 44' N. was reached, and here the "Discovery" was established in winter quarters. Sir George Nares in the "Alert" pushed on northwards, and reached the edge of the heavy ice, which he named the "Palaeocrystic sea", the ice floes being from 80 to 100 feet thick.

When the "Discovery" was left at Lady Franklin Bay, it was arranged that an officer from her should be taken on board the "Alert", to return to the "Discovery" as soon as practicable with news of the final wintering place of her consort. Rawson was selected for this important service, and he accordingly joined the "Alert" with a sledge crew on August 26th. The "Alert" finally reached her winter quarters off the open coast, facing the great winter pack stretching away to the northward, in $82^{\circ} 27' N$. Autumn travelling parties were despatched from the vessel in September and October to lay depots, and between October 2nd and 12th Rawson made a persevering effort to reach the "Discovery", but failed in the attempt. He succeeded in reaching a prominent headland some miles to the southward which was afterwards named Cape Rawson; but the attempt to reach the "Discovery" had to be abandoned, and Rawson and his sledge party were compelled to remain with the "Alert" until the spring set in. His shipmates found him a great acquisition, and his cheery, helpful companionship helped to pass the hours of darkness. An arctic winter loses all its horrors when the long days (or rather nights) are cheered and brightened by the joyous gaiety and devotion of such spirits as Rawson and his young comrades. One little instance will serve to show Rawson's light-heartedness and joie-de-vivre.

Sir George Nares, with Rawson and a party of four men, had been out on an excursion, and on their return to the ship were descending a steep slope of hard snow, when his companions were startled to see Rawson suddenly shoot down, head first, for a distance of at least a hundred yards. However, Sir George and the rest of the party quickly recovered their equanimity, when they reflected that it was (as they supposed) only a sample of his usual fun and a quick and easy method of descent. In reality Rawson had lost his footing and slipped badly, but had the presence of mind to steer himself, and so he landed in soft snow, whence he got up unhurt, and, to his chagrin, found his companions laughing heartily.

The first service to be performed on the return of the sun was one of no slight difficulty. It was to open up communication between the "Alert" and the "Discovery" during a time when the mean temperature was 30° , and the minimum 45° , below zero.

The heroes of this memorable exploit were Sub-Lieutenant Egerton and Rawson, who were accompanied by the Danish dog driver, Petersen, and nine dogs. Starting on March 12, 1876, Petersen was very soon frost-bitten, and on the 14th a heavy gale made it impossible to travel. Petersen became very ill, and was nearly frozen to death. His two companions dug a hole in the snow-drift and removed him to it. This took them six hours, but the sufferer was still in acute pain and there seemed to be no heat in his body. They chafed his hands and feet, and in their endeavour to keep him warm, deprived themselves even of some of their own clothing. But even when they had closed every crevice and lit the spirit-lamp, they only succeeded in getting the temperature up to 7° . Still the patient's hands and feet remained hard and frozen, "so, each taking a foot, we set to work to warm them with our hands and flannels. As each hand got cold we warmed it about our persons, and in two hours we restored the circulation." This was repeated again and again throughout the night, and next day they resolved to attempt to take the man back to the ship. The difficulties and miseries of the return journey were increased by the incessant care required for Petersen. At one point the

dogs made a sudden bolt past Rawson, who held on to the harness and was carried along with them. On his grip depended poor Petersen's life, but it was a grip of iron.

At 6.30 the same evening they arrived alongside the "Alert", and so their comrade's life was saved, at least for the time being.

They were received with heartfelt rejoicing, and Admiral Sir A. H. Markham has recorded the feelings of all Englishmen as to their conduct under such trying circumstances. "The work of these two young officers in saving Petersen's life at the risk of their own stands out conspicuously among the many deeds of devotion with which the annals of Arctic adventure abound."

Sir George Nares himself wrote:—"This evening I was astonished at the return of Sub-Lieutenant Egerton's party, and was much distressed to learn that it was occasioned by the severe illness of Petersen. He was taken ill on the second march with cramp, and being unable to retain any food whatever, nothing could keep him warm, and he became badly frost-bitten. During the journey of 16 miles over an extremely bad surface, although very seriously frost-bitten themselves, they succeeded in keeping life in Petersen until they arrived on board. He was badly frost-bitten in the face and feet, and had Rawson and Egerton with a noble disregard of themselves not retained some slight heat in his body, by alternately lying alongside him whilst the other was recovering his warmth by exercise, Petersen would undoubtedly have died."

Sub-Lieutenant Egerton himself reported to his commander that "it is with great diffidence that I presume to say anything regarding the very valuable assistance that I received from Lieutenant Rawson; but I feel that I should fail in my duty if I omitted to bring to your notice the great advantage I derived from his help and advice. Without his unremitting exertions and cheerful spirits my own efforts would have been unavailing to return with Petersen alive to the ship."

Petersen never recovered from the severe shock he received, and eventually expired from exhaustion three months later.

Of the two heroes who saved his life at the risk of their own, one is now (1914) Commander-in-chief at Devonport, while the other lies at rest in the Bighi cemetery at Malta.

Rawson and Egerton started again on their perilous errand on March 20th, and after many adventures and much hardship succeeded in reaching the "Discovery" on March 24th.

During the remainder of the season Rawson was incessantly employed on sledging work. Returning to the "Alert" on April 4th, he pioneered a route across Robeson Channel, between the 10th and the 18th.

Meanwhile a complete scheme had been matured for the examination of as much of the unknown area as possible by the combined efforts of sledging parties from the two ships.

On April 3rd, 1876, Commander A. H. Markham, with Lieutenant Parr and sledge crews, advanced in the face of great difficulties over the polar pack to lat. 83° 20' N., the then highest latitude reached by man.

Lieutenant Aldrich explored the coast-line to the westward for a distance of 220

miles, penetrating as far west as Cape Alfred Ernest, while Lieutenant Beaumont made many important and interesting discoveries along the Northern coast of Greenland.

When Beaumont set out on his memorable journey on April 20, he was accompanied by Rawson and Dr. Coppinger, with twenty-one men dragging four sledges. On May 9th Coppinger returned, whilst Rawson accompanied the party for another twelve days. During the journey Beaumont and Rawson ascended a hill, afterwards named Mount Wyatt, 2,050 feet above the sea.

One of the sledging party having become seriously ill, Rawson commenced the return journey to the "Alert", hauling the sick man on the sledge. Almost snow-blind himself, and with his burden, he plodded on for twenty-three days, until he finally reached the "Alert."

From that time onward his services were devoted to the succour of returning sledge parties. On one of his journeys from the "Alert" to the "Discovery" two musk oxen were sighted, a cow and a calf. Although the party had no gun, Rawson decided to attack the two animals with his knife alone, knowing how much fresh meat was needed on board.

"As soon as they sighted us, they immediately prepared to defend themselves, standing back to back, whereupon we attacked them with stones, gradually closing in. At first they took little heed of our volleys, but as we got nearer and made better shots they commenced to snort and bellow. When we endeavoured to outflank them, they turned their front, pivoting around on their hind legs, and always keeping back to back with their heads towards us. When nearly close enough for striking with the knife, the cow charged and three times forced me to retreat. At last I managed to plunge the knife into her side. She was round on me at once but I managed to avoid her, and following her up, struck her three more blows. Although by this time she was bleeding profusely, I could not reach her heart with the short knife I had, so I lashed it to my alpen-stock, and at last stabbed her to the heart with this improvised weapon, and she fell down and died. The calf, however, managed to effect its escape."

In the meantime, fears being entertained for the safety of Lieutenant Beaumont and his party, who had been exploring the north coast of Greenland to the eastward, and succeeded in reaching Cape May, in lat. $82^{\circ} 54' N.$, long. $52^{\circ} W.$, Sir George Nares despatched Rawson and a party on a journey for the relief of Beaumont and his party.

As it turned out, the fears were justified, for when Rawson finally met Beaumont's party, the latter were in terrible distress, and sadly in need of assistance. It was undoubtedly due to Rawson's efforts on this occasion that Beaumont and his party were saved.

The latter, in his report on his journey, stated that "in my opinion Rawson acted with great judgment in planning his relief expedition. Had he come sooner he might not only have missed us altogether, but the small force at his disposal would not have been of so much service. As it was, he came in time with sufficient provisions, and by one great effort got us all into safe quarters."

Altogether, Rawson was away from the ship, sledge-travelling, for 132 days; and his coolness and sound judgment, indomitable perseverance and inspiring cheerfulness,

showed him to possess all the highest qualities of an Arctic explorer. To add to the difficulties of the sledging parties, they were attacked by scurvy, which increased the hardships of the work beyond measure. Yet this young officer was only twenty-three years old at the time.

The expedition returned to England in October, 1876. The "Alert" had reached a higher latitude and wintered farther north than any ship had ever done before. The results of the expedition were the discovery of 300 miles of new coastline, stretching from Cape Alfred Ernest in the west to Cape May in the east; the examination of a great part of the polar ocean; a series of meteorological, magnetic, and tidal observations in hitherto unexplored regions; and a large geological and natural history collection.

In the following year, 1877, Rawson was appointed to the "Alexandra," bearing the flag of Admiral Hornby in the Mediterranean, and he continued to serve on that station and in the Sea of Marmora until 1880. Whilst out there he was attacked by rheumatic fever, and became so ill that he was invalided home to England, and lay for some time in Haslar Hospital. But he recovered, and before he again went to sea he was happily married to Maud, the eldest daughter of John Hegan, Esq., of Queen's Gate, Kensington, to whom he had been attached for several years.

On December 7th, 1880, he joined the "Champion" corvette as First Lieutenant, and went in her to the Pacific Station; but in the next year his good services procured for him a position which made further advancement certain. He was appointed to the Royal Yacht on October 31st, 1881, and for a few months was able to live quietly with his wife at Southsea. Whilst at the Pacific Station he had received the news of the birth of his elder daughter, now the wife of Captain Duff, R.N.

When the campaign against Arabi Pasha in Egypt was decided upon in 1882, it was considered desirable that Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the British expedition, should have a naval aide de camp on his staff. The General applied for the services of Lieutenant Rawson, whom he had known in Ashantee, and the Queen graciously acceded to Sir Garnet's request.

"Long before quitting England for the seat of war, Sir Garnet had decided to make the line of advance on Cairo, the objective of the expedition, by Ismailia, lying midway in the Canal, and distant from Cairo only seventy-five miles. This course was dictated by necessity, as during the autumn the whole delta is under water, this being the period of "high Nile," whilst the desert between Ismailia and Cairo afforded fair marching ground. Further, an advance from Ismailia would cover and protect the Nile. The task entrusted to the navy of seizing the Canal and disembarking a large army with all its stores was both complex and arduous . . . Only one small pier existed at Ismailia, and ships did not anchor in Lake Timsah nearer than half a mile from shore.

"On the night of August 15th Sir Garnet arrived at Alexandria with his staff, and on the following day the whole of the arrangements for seizing the Canal were complete. Port Said and Suez were occupied, and the whole of the Canal traffic held up to permit of the free passage of troops to Ismailia.

"Meantime it had been given out in Alexandria, so that it might come to the ears of Arabi, that the fleet would proceed to the bombardment of Aboukir, and that the forces

at Alexandria would take part in the subsequent operations. At noon on August 19th the fleet, consisting of eight ironclads and seventeen transports, each of the former having charge of two of the latter, together with the despatch boats "Salamis" and "Helicon," having on board respectively the military and naval Commanders-in-chief, weighed anchor in Alexandria Bay and stood to the eastward. At 4 p.m. the same day the fleet anchored in Aboukir Bay, and there they remained until nightfall, when the small craft stood close in shore and opened fire, whilst the remainder of the expedition, with the transports, steamed full speed towards Port Said, which was reached early next morning, by which time the Suez Canal throughout its length was in the possession of the British.

"Meanwhile Arabi Pasha had taken up a strongly entrenched position at Tel-el-Kebir, a village some fifty miles west-south-east of Ismailia, and here Sir Garnet resolved to surprise and defeat him.

"By the night of September 12th the army had advanced to within a few hours' march of the enemy's earthworks at Tel-el-Kebir. With his staff, Sir Garnet made a careful reconnaissance of the position, and decided to storm the entrenchment with fixed bayonets at dawn."

"Sir Garnet, when he gave Sir Archibald Alison his final orders as to how the attack was to be made, ended by saying that he would send his naval aide-de-camp to guide us on our night march by the stars. Soon afterwards the Highland Brigade was advanced beyond Nine Gun Hill some three-quarters of a mile to a point where it had been decided we were to form into the order of advance. Our centre was marked by a line of three field telegraph-posts, which were to guide us for a short distance in the proper direction.

"Although the stars were out, the night was very dark, and having formed our order of march, we all lay down to sleep for a couple of hours, Rawson having then joined us. At one o'clock we were aroused, and soon afterwards started on our march to the enemy's lines, Rawson leading the brigade, the centre officer, a subaltern of the Cameron Highlanders, following immediately behind his horse's tail.

"The General and I rode in the interval between the two centre battalions, Rawson a few yards on our left, and rather in front; and thus we marched on, like spectres, through the night. At first we were more than sceptical as to the reliability of our guide, but the telegraph posts completely reassured us, for as we continued to advance, each successive post was passed within a yard or two of the centre officer.

But soon the posts ceased, and then we were dependent entirely upon Rawson's knowledge of the stars for guidance towards the enemy's lines. That the direction throughout the night was so marvellously kept was nothing less than a special providence, for a similar night march, under any such circumstances, and in battle formation, is simply without precedent in history. Poor Rawson was the agent in this extraordinary feat, which shewed on his part a self-reliance and steadiness of purpose which no one who was not there, in the heavy darkness of a moonless Egyptian night, can adequately realize. As no noise was allowed, we only spoke in whispers, and there being absolutely nothing to be seen, I asked him how it was he appeared to know the way so well. He replied: 'You see those two stars right in front of us, and a third almost directly below them—I am steering by them.' He then went on to explain to me what allowance he was making for the difference which then existed in their exact position from that in

which they appeared when he had reconnoitred the place a day or two before, and seemed to be quite confident of the correctness of his calculation.

"As the first streaks of dawn began to appear, the enemy's pickets fired a few random shots, our men fixed bayonets, and a deep hush of expectation came over everyone. A few moments later the whole of our front became lit up in one sudden blaze of light, and a perfect hurricane of mitraille swept through our ranks and over our heads. There was a momentary waver, and then the General sounded the "advance", the preconcerted signal. Immediately the whole line, as far as the eye could see into the lessening gloom on either side, broke into a run, and with heads down, as if to avoid the hail of bullets, we rushed forward, not knowing what might be in front. There was a perfect whirl of men as we all pressed forward, and I lost sight of poor Rawson. We soon came up to the enemy's trenches, and from what I afterwards heard it was then that he received a mortal wound. The general opinion is that he was shot and fell from his horse just as he reached the trench. Being the leading man of the whole brigade, he naturally offered a good mark to the enemy. We, more fortunate than he, pressed on and on, over the parapets, and so in pursuit, until we reached the half-deserted camp of Arabi, where we heard of the loss the Navy had sustained in so gallant and promising an officer as Rawson, for his wound was considered mortal. *The General, Sir Archibald Alison, said that the whole secret of the marvellous success of our steady night march and final victory was not mainly but entirely owing to the extreme accuracy with which the brigade was guided by Rawson, and so he told the Commander-in-Chief.*

Sir Garnet Wolseley, in all the hurry and urgent business of the moment of victory found time to ride back to see his young friend, who was lying in a tent waiting to be taken to Ismailia. Kneeling by his side, the General said: "*I know you were well to the front, old fellow, all the time.*" He was very much affected, and when he left Rawson's side said he would telegraph to his wife.

It was generally admitted by officers in the action that it was due to Rawson's admirable guidance that there were not more casualties. *He brought the brigade exactly to the right spot at the right moment—namely just as dawn was breaking.* A mistake causing even ten minutes delay would have exposed the men to a heavy fire while charging the entrenchment.

From the first there could be no hope. He was taken on board the troopship "Carthage", but died a little after one o'clock on the morning of September 21st, as she was entering Malta Harbour. A public funeral was accorded to his remains, his coffin being followed to the shore by thirty men-'o-war's boats. He was buried in the Bighi Cemetery, and a cross now marks the spot.

So this bright young spirit was called away while in the full tide of success. In his short life he had already done much useful work, and he had done it heartily, thoroughly, and modestly. It was completed, and its conclusion was most glorious: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" But his loss left a sad blank, and many friends were left to mourn his early death.

Queen Victoria, on the day he died in Malta, wrote words of comfort to his young widow, and Sir Garnet telegraphed the news in the following words: "I deeply regret

that Rawson, while gallantly piloting the Highland Brigade into action this morning, was shot through the body, and is now in a critical state. His gallantry was most conspicuous."

The admiralty showed their sense of Rawson's services by promoting him to the rank of Commander, in the following terms: "Promotion specially made in Her Majesty's Fleet for valuable and gallant services rendered at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th instant, on the recommendation of the General Officer Commanding Her Majesty's forces in Egypt, to take effect from that date, Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson to be Commander."

A daughter being posthumously born to him, the Queen graciously expressed a wish to be godmother, and the child was accordingly christened Victoria Alexandrina Wyatt. She is now the wife of Captain Frank Larken, R.N.

A monument was erected in the Portsmouth Garrison Chapel to his memory by Lord Wolseley and his staff in Egypt. It bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
WYATT RAWSON,
Commander Royal Navy and Naval A.D.C. to
General Sir G. Wolseley, G.C.B.
He fell while acting as guide
to the
Second Division at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt,
13 September, 1882,
Aged 29.
He served in the Ashantee War, 1873-4,
and in the
Arctic Expedition, 1875-76.

This tablet is erected as a token of affection and esteem
by Lord Wolseley and the members of the Personal Staff.

In a speech at Ripon thirty-one-years ago the Right Honourable Mr. Goschen uttered these memorable words:—

"As one who has been civilly connected as First Lord of the Admiralty with the Navy, I need not tell you with what anxiety I watched the reports that came in with regard to the bluejackets and naval officers, and it was pleasant to read how, from Lord Wolseley down to every regimental officer, all bore testimony to the efficiency of our sailors. . . . When the news was brought to Sir Garnet Wolseley that Lieutenant Rawson had fallen mortally wounded, in the very flush of victory, with all the great events crowding on his mind at the moment which was the crowning day of his own fortunes, and when he knew what he had done for his country, he had time, nevertheless, to think of his wounded friend, and he galloped off the field to see him and say farewell. And what were the words with which the wounded officer received him? "*General*," he said, "*did I not lead them straight?*" There you have the spirit of the British naval officer!

Could any statesman at the close of his career wish to utter prouder words to his countrymen? . . . The ship of state is being driven through the waters at an increasing speed, but there are guides on high. There are the bright and fixed stars of courage, principle, self-sacrifice, and duty. Let the pilots of the state fix their eyes on these, provided they steer an undeviating course. Happy will they be if, when their end comes they are able to exclaim to their fellow-countrymen, in words like those of the dying Commander: "Have we not led you straight?" "

"Over the desert at midnight, with a rapid, silent stride,
Were marching the British soldiers and their gallant sailor-
guide;
God help them all if he failed to find his way in the gloom
aright,
For his comrades' lives and his country's fame were placed in
his hands that night.

"Never a faltering moment unsteadied the ranks he led;
Forward they pressed on their silent way, and he at the
column's head;
On, while the gloom and the darkness screened from the
watchful foes,
Till the goal they sought was safely gained as the sudden
morning rose.

"Quick the alarm was sounded, quick was the onslaught made;
Sharp was the fight, but the foe fell back from the British fire
and blade;
Many a heart that late beat high was stilled in that hour
for aye,
And among the first of the British fell the man who had led
the way.

"Sadly they bore him back to die, and the kindly General came,
Bent o'er his friend with grateful thanks, pity, and promise
of fame.
Never a word said the dying man of his pain or his hapless fate,
But the eager words came: "General, didn't I guide you
straight?"

" 'It was a star, you know, a star—' and he backward fell;
His young life closed with the service done and the trust
fulfilled so well;
As long as the English voice shall speak of the Tel-el-Kebir
fight
Will be heard the brave Commander's name who guided them
straight that night."

*"The Characters,
As I have told you, are all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air."*

(The Vacant Page)

CROQUIS.

To-morrow. Clear the way!

Yonder comes To-morrow

Sailing in a ship.

Good-bye To-day!

*

I am not unfriendly

Towards You To-day,

I would not wish a minute

Of You away.

To-day's cares are over,

Its lessons learned,

Work done;

I await To-morrow.

*

When I am old,

Life's lessons learned,

Work done,

No trace of sorrow;

So would I wait,

Wait for To-morrow.

Ed.

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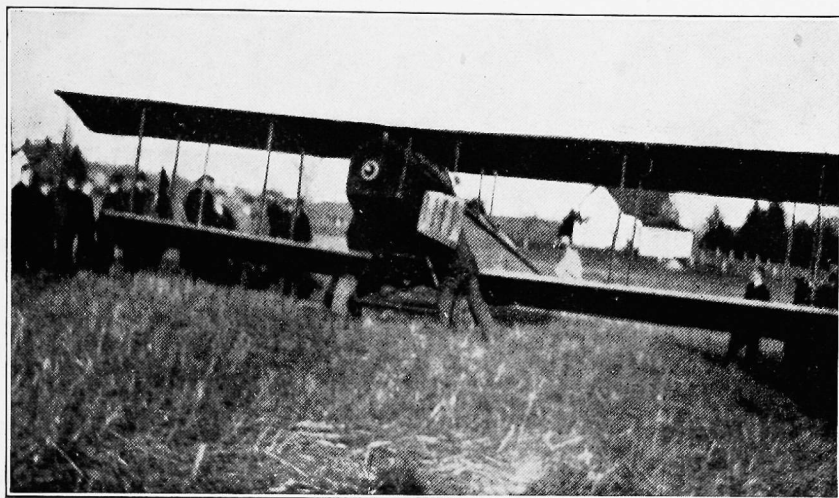
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"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

By G. W. Hess, Form IV.

One day Jim Murray was walking through the New York Bowery on the way to his father's office in Wall Street. He was dressed in a light gray suit and wore a hat of the same colour. On his feet were a pair of well polished black brogues. He was of medium height, with face and hands tanned from a healthy, outdoor life. It had been raining and the streets were quite slippery. In front of him was an east-bound car trying to cross the street before the lights changed. Suddenly the red flashed on, and the car tried to stop, but skidding on, struck Jim. He saw a blinding flash and felt his leg give way, after which everything went blank. When he awoke he heard a voice say: "Feel O.K., now, son?" It was Bob Davidson, a Bowery tough, who had seen the accident and had picked him up, half carrying him to the subway, from where he had taken him to a doctor. Taking a liking to Bob, Jim got him a job in which he worked hard and made a success for himself, often studying at night in the room given him by Mrs. Murray in her Fifth Avenue house.

The scene changes to the year 1917, to where "somewhere in France" is the famous Lafayette Escadrille. It is dawn and a flight of six planes is winging its way into Germany at an altitude of about four thousand feet. They are the dawn patrol, covering an area in front of the A.E.F. under Pershing.

Without warning a flight of Fokkers dropped on them, their Spandaus spitting flame. The squadron, the Nieuports, had been looking for trouble and had certainly found it. The commander tipped his wings from side to side and shot into the midst of the Germans. The other planes, taking their leader's signal, turned on the enemy. Soon it was a dog fight, each man for himself. Number 363 was soon engaged with a German pilot who knew every trick of fighting in the air. Diving, banking, doing Russian mounts, Immelmans and vertical virages, the two planes fought for an ad-



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vantage. Suddenly Lieutenant Murray found the sights of his Lewis gun lined on his adversary's tail. Thumbing his trips, the two guns spat flame at the enemy and raked his plane from stem to stern. By the flare of his tracers he knew where every twenty of his shots had gone. The plane wobbled for an instant, then turned its nose towards the earth, roaring down with flames creeping back over the tail and the wind screaming through the stays. The German never knew what happened. He was dead before the flames lapped over the cowling in front of him, killed by Jim's spitting guns. Four more planes followed suit; one to the Commander, two to Jim, and the fourth to an enemy pilot. When the battered little Nieuports slid on to the field and the men assembled for a drink in the old French house they called home, they found that one of the men to go down had been Bob Davidson, pilot of plane 413. Jim bowed his head. After the incident in the Bowery a great friendship had sprung up between them, and now it was all over. Bob was dead. Yes, killed by a German. Slowly a feeling of anger surged over Jim. He turned towards the field where he could see his plane, the engine of which was emitting steam into the cold morning air. He ran towards the plane, jamming on his helmet and goggles. Shouting to a mechanic to put in extra rounds of ammunition, he climbed into the cockpit. The engine roared into life as he opened her up. In a few seconds he was rising rapidly. He levelled off at five thousand feet and headed her nose into Germany. He fired a few rounds to warm his guns, glanced at his gauges and found everything running smoothly. The engine was turning over at a rough fifteen hundred revolutions a minute. Being by now well behind the German lines, Jim saw a platoon of German infantry walking along a road. Behind them were two or three army trucks. Quickly Jim dived and to lose speed he whip stalled and went into a tight spiral, levelling off about fifty feet over the road. He poured a hail of bullets into the Huns, then fired a few rounds into the supply trucks, and when finally he pulled his nose up there was left the trucks, and a tangled and bleeding mass of humanity. When he reached four thousand feet he glanced into the sun and saw a black speck growing larger and larger. Climbing a little higher he found it to be a plane with a maltese cross on its tail, a Fokker. Immediately the German dived to fight with this allied plane. Jim pulled every trick he knew and finally got on his adversary's tail. He had only time to press the trigger on the joy-stick when the German rolled over and dropped for a short distance, pulling up directly under Jim. He could feel the enemy's Spandau ripping under his feet. A sharp pain shot through his side, and touching the place, his hand came away sticky. His head whirled dizzily. In an instant it was over. Jim and the enemy were flying towards each other—the worst death of sky-fighting. Ramming! Flying at full speed neither pilot faltered and

"Somewhere" in France there is a cross bearing this inscription:—

Lieutenant J. R. Murray
Lafayette Escadrille, D.S.O.,
Died September 12, 1917.

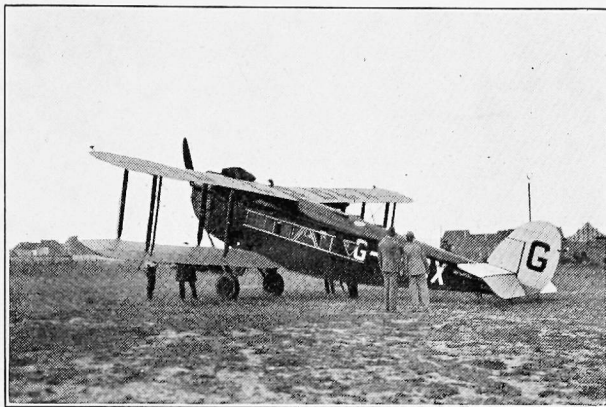
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"AFTERMATH"

By P. W. Davis

It was Christmas Eve, the snow, soft and flaky, floated down, frosting the window panes and spreading a white carpet on the ground. Every store was open, grocery, confectionery, toy shops and department stores. The grocery store displayed huge turkeys hanging by their legs outside the shop windows, while smaller members of the same family nestled one against another behind the plate-glass. Everyone was cheery, bands of urchins clad in nondescript garments paraded the streets, now and again stopping at some window to view with rapt gaze some delicacy or toy which caught their fancy. The air, despite the falling snow, was fresh and crisp; and the odour of Christmas trees struck the nostrils. Crowds of people walked the streets, criticizing the slush which made promenading a hazard and spoiled the pleasure of the night. The worldly man of business forgot some of his worldliness and became cheerful and boyish. Hard-working mothers in old clothes lugged babies around in their arms and laughed appreciatively at the enjoyment the tiny ones found in different amusements. A young man escorted a girl along the street, they walked arm in arm and gazed thoughtfully at the passers by. They were enjoying themselves, that you could see by the expressions on their faces. An elderly woman passed them muffled in a shawl, of which the ragged ends almost touched the pavement. She came to a beggar and stopped long enough to drop a few pennies from her meagre supply into his tin cup. Amid all this cheerfulness and kindness there was a single note of tragedy; an old man, dressed in shabby clothes, his head bent forward upon his breast, his whole attitude denoting poverty and despair, stumbled along the pavement.

No one took any notice of him; everybody seemed unwilling to heed any such conflicting chord in the evening's atmosphere of enjoyment. He did not heed them either, and made his way as though he were not of the same world. His face was pitiful in the extreme, the gaunt cheeks, the lips, blue from the cold, and the sunken eyes, portrayed his wretched condition; but yet the high forehead redeemed the marks of poverty, and the faint glimmer of the eyes showed dogged determination.



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It made one feel when one looked at him that, perhaps, one ought not to feel so happy when others were having such a hard fight for life itself. And yet there was that beggar—there had been tears in his eyes when the poor woman had given him the money. Too bad both his legs were gone—there was character besides the agony in his eyes . . .

The snow, which was coming down fast now went down his neck, chilled him and froze on his ancient garments. Attempting to draw the collar of his overcoat up round his neck, it parted company with the rest of the coat and he was forced to turn up the collar of his suit coat inside to protect himself from the wintry blast. This occasioned much laughter from a number of boys who viewed the occurrence. They followed him shouting and jeering. Attempting to get away from them, the old gentleman was forced to cross the street. With slow steps he plodded through the slush and reached the car rails in the centre where his foot slipped on some ice and he fell heavily upon his side. At the same time something which was fastened about his neck by a chain broke and fell on the snow. He pounced upon it, disregarding the whistle of a police officer which launched a stream of cars his way. Perhaps he did not hear it, perhaps he did; at any rate he did not move and his body seemed stiff and rigid. A large truck, its driver blinded by the snow, passed squarely over the huddled form, crushing it horribly.

A policeman ran up, followed by the usual crowd of onlookers who feed on accidents much as ravens do upon the dead. Feeling very large and important, the "cop" ordered everyone back, except one tall, soldierly looking man standing on the edge of the crowd. This gentleman addressed the policeman: "May I have a look at him? I'm more or less of a doctor." The officer graciously assented and the man knelt in the snow. He made a brief examination and mumbled something about "Angina Pectoris." "What's that?" asked the mystified cop. "Angina Pectoris", said the other, "he died of heart failure." "'Eart failure, my eye!" said the cop, "he was squashed as flat as a pancake." The other paid no attention, but said rather bitterly: "It's not much use leaving him lying here. He's dead and getting pretty stiff, poor fellow. Probably some ex-soldier." The policeman registered as much emotion as he could, clearing his throat, and was commanded to take the feet of the body, the gentleman taking the head. They carried the old man to a drug store, and made him look as peaceful as possible. The doctor, or soldier we should say, turned to go when something in the tightly clenched hand made him pause. He dropped on his knees and gently pried open the stiffened fingers and extracted something. It was a medal, a V.C. at that, on the back was inscribed in tiny letters "HENRY THOMAS BURTON", and the name of a regiment. The man started, Henry Thomas Burton—impossible! He looked at the face of the corpse—faces don't lie. His head drooped pathetically. "O God!" the tears welled up, choked him, and ran down his cheeks. "Oh Henry, old boy, after that splendid deed of yours to come to this! The horror of it!" His body shook and he collapsed upon the floor. A scene appeared in his mind, bringing back a flood of memories, a scene clearly outlined; a trench, a row of helmeted boys, khaki uniforms in the grey light of dawn, cheery faces, sad faces, faces in which nerves, fear and courage struggled for mastery. An officer pitilessly cool walked down the line with a whistle in his mouth. He blew it, and as the men climbed the trench top, paused long enough to say a few words to a little man who was leaning against the corner of the trench, his face betraying the agony he was suffering; the thought



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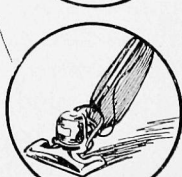
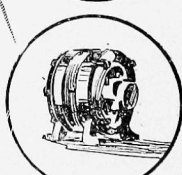
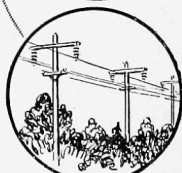
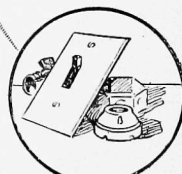
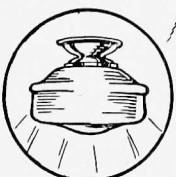
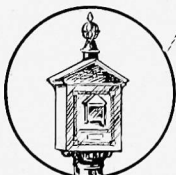
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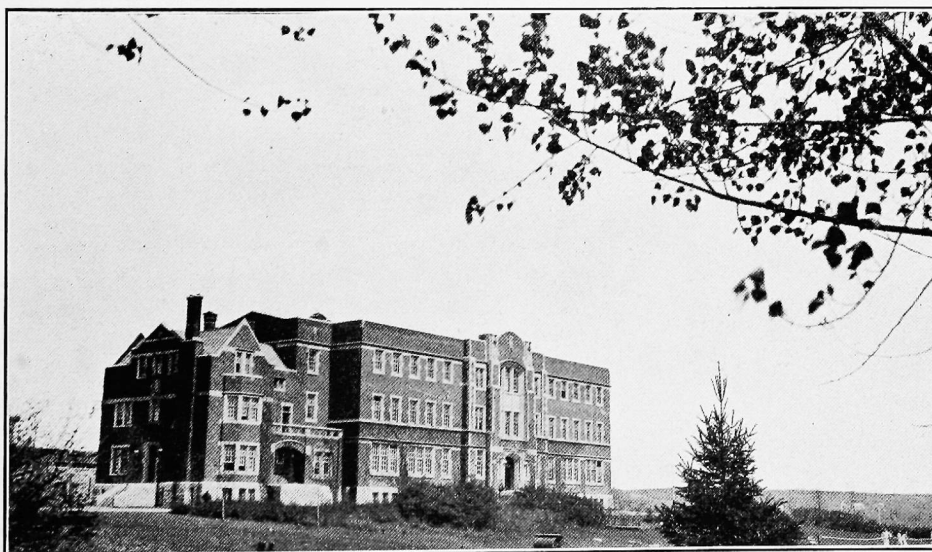
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of being called a coward, the thought of the 100 yard dash across the open, with your pals dying all around you, cries, groans, noise of exploding shells, of bullets striking home in arms or legs or body. In his mind he saw a soldier stumble into the trench, it was the Chaplain who had gone over with the boys, blood streaming from both his sides. He collapsed in the mud and gasped: "The boys are retreating and the captain is out there alone, he's shot in about a dozen places." The other stiffened: "Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" asked the little man. "No", replied the Chaplain, "go ahead quickly." A rush of blood and it was over. The little fellow shuddered, then disappeared over the top. Then he saw himself, shot in both legs and lying dangerously near the German trenches, his face buried in the mud; his nerves racked by every explosion; his arm, which was bent in a queer position underneath him, dripped blood and he saw little patches of it all around him; he saw the approaching man, crawling closer and closer, but still very far away. He did not care much whether he lived or died anyway, he felt so tired, so sick and so helpless. His mind whirled and everything turned black, the blackness pierced by little stabs of light at intervals. He did not know how long he lay like that, his last conscious utterance was in response to a gentle voice saying: "Try to put your arms round my neck." Blackness

Invalided home, he lost track of his rescuer, but remembered seeing his name in the paper for a V.C. awarded for conspicuous gallantry on the morning of Sept. 15th, 1915. And this human derelict—is it in such wise that a country rewards valiant ones? Having escaped death in her defence, they die at her hands. The less said the better. His train of thought was interrupted by a tap on his shoulder. "The ambulance is here, sir." He stirred. "The ambulance is not needed here," a trifle bitterly. He handed the policeman a card, called a taxi, and picking up the body in his arms he got into the car. The living and the dead vanished into the night, leaving the policeman to rely on the gentleman's card to prevent a rather untimely departure from the police force.





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FLYING FEET

Jerry Scott halted in his stride, as the coach called his name across the field, to the track where he was training.

"Jerry," called the coach, "Come here a minute." Jerry obediently walked over to where the coach was standing.

"Practising hard, son?" asked Coach Wright.

"Trying to, Coach," replied Jerry cheerfully.

Jerry was a freshman at College, a fairly small institution in the New England States. He was a rather good quarter-miler and at present was training for the track team, which was to travel to a big athletic meet in Los Angeles in a few weeks' time.

Not long after, Bud Harvey, Jerry's roommate and opponent in the 440, and Jerry were crouching side by side, ready for the trials which would see who was to be the 440 man on the track team. Far away in Los Angeles on a sick bed lay Jerry's mother, who had been an invalid for six years and who was waiting for Jerry to come out and see her if he made the track team. So far all his letters had been full of hope—of expectation of that day when they should meet in Los Angeles. "On your mark—get set—bang!" With the crack of the pistol Jerry and Bud got away to a flying start, Jerry slightly in the lead. For the first 220 yards Jerry went like the wind; he seemed to see his mother at the end of the course, and he was flying over the cinder track to meet her All idea of time and space seemed to be lost to him, but suddenly he came to his senses with a start and heard a pounding of feet on the track behind him. His feet seemed to be turning to lead, his speed slowed down considerably, and in a flash Bud had passed him. Jerry made a violent effort to regain lost ground but could not, and when Bud breasted the tape a few yards ahead of him he felt sick, and turning away, hurried to the showers, put on his street clothes and made his way to his room. Gone, he knew, were all his chances to see his mother, who had been expecting to see Jerry soon again. Tears welled up in his eyes and started to trickle down his cheeks. Turning to his table he saw a yellow telegraph envelope lying there. Opening it hurriedly he read: "Good luck to you. Am counting the days till you come. Mother."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and hastily drying his eyes he turned the handle to admit Bud and the Coach.

"Why so sad, Jerry?" asked the Coach.

"Well, you see, Coach, my mother is sick in Los Angeles and she was kind of counting on my winning today and so being able to go to her, but"

"You mean on account of that race this afternoon?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," said Jerry reluctantly.

"That's just what we came to tell you about," said Bud and the Coach together, "You may not have won the 440, but one of the fellows timed you for the 220, and how does 22 seconds sound to you—1.5 under the record?"

"You mean that I'll be going with the team after all?" cried Jerry.

"Sure thing," said Bud, "let's go out and celebrate."

W. S. CARTER.

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